The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1922 No. 2948

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 1

EDITORIALS:
- The Facts of Irish Freedom 4
- What Prisons Do to Men 5
- The Department of Injustice 5
- Henry Watterson 6

THE SENATORS VISIT HAITI AND SANTO DOMINGO. By Ernest H. Gruening 7

THE CONFERENCE AND ITS EXPERTS. By Oswald Garrison Villard 11

SHANTUNG AND THE CONFERENCE. By Nathaniel Peffer 12

THE DIARY OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT 13

EIRE. By Sir Roger Casement 14

AS TO EGYPT. By Anne Herendeen 15

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 16

CORRESPONDENCE 17

BOOKS:
- The Roving Critic. By Carl Van Doren 19
- God's Plenty About Melville. By Hoyt H. Hudson 20
- British Plays. By Ludwig Lewisohn 20
- More Truth from a War Correspondent. By Norman Thomas 21
- Books in Brief 22

MUSIC:
- Visiting Artists. By Henrietta Straus 23

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Gandhi's Teachings 24
- Russian Friendship and the Eastern Peoples 25
- The Kars Conference 26
- To the "Great Civilized Powers" 27
- A Mongolian Treaty 28

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT FREDA KIRCHWEY
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
NORMAN THOMAS

ERNEST H. GRUENING, MANAGING EDITOR — CARL VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON ANATOLE FRANCE H. L. MENCKEN
FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

EUGENE V. DEBS has paid no price for his freedom. That is to his credit as well as to the Administration's. Here are brave words, recorded by the New York *World's* correspondent, which Americans cannot afford to forget: "Debs not only said he was not sorry for any utterance of his own with respect to the war but reiterated his opinion; and declared he would not support any war for any government on earth." That, let our peace societies observe, is the true road to peace. Continuing, the correspondent quotes him directly: "My soul was never in jail and now that I am out I am not free for I shall never be free until every one of my fellow-prisoners who suffered for their convictions are, like me, turned loose." Mr. Debs has his work cut out for him. In Federal penitentiaries alone over one hundred men convicted for loyalty to their own beliefs are still confined. Just what principle inspired the selection of the twenty-four whom Mr. Harding released is not clear. But it is clear that what ought to have been an act of justice for all political prisoners was distorted into an act of mercy for a small number of them. President Harding did a good deed unhandsomely and he left the larger deed undone, yet he showed a measure of courage in the face of American Legion opposition; and for the sorry showing our country makes in relation to political prisoners we blame not him but public opinion and most of all its makers—editors, clergymen, and the servants of privilege whose power rests on their control of the mob-mind.

"I WILL begin by reading to the Conference the treaty which is both brief and simple"—thus Henry Cabot Lodge in laying the Four-Power Treaty before the Conference in Washington. It was so clear and simple that Mr. Hughes three times interpreted it one way, and then President Harding took precisely the opposite view—that it did *not* cover the main Japanese islands upon which the Japanese people have their abode. Brought to book by Mr. Hughes, the President announced that he had no objection to the delegates holding their opinion—of that "brief and simple" pact, as to which the non-official Japanese, be it noted, are said to be holding to Mr. Harding's position! Plainly Mr. Lodge erred. It was not the treaty which was simple but some of the people who drew it. More than that, if the United States Senate accepts it unamended its members will be simple—and gullible, too. If there is one thing the American people do not want and will not approve of it is this proposal to guarantee the mainlands of Japan. The treaty ought to be rejected if only because it confirms the plunderers of the Pacific, ourselves included, in their swag. Its only chance of passing will, we believe, come if it does not include the main Japanese islands and if a provision is inserted declaring that the United States is in no way bound to interfere by force of arms on behalf of the co-signers. If it passes as it stands today, it will mean that President Harding has broken faith with those who elected him and that there is little reason why we should not accept the entanglements of the Treaty of Versailles. Every good end the treaty might serve would be better served by treaties providing for arbitration in case of any or all disputes which may arise over Pacific problems.

ONE of the amusing aspects of this collision of some of our best minds over the meaning of something so completely simple is that it broke down altogether the anonymity which is supposed to envelop all communications to the newspaper correspondents by the Secretary of State and the President. It was known in no time all over Washington what the President had said, and it was immediately attributed directly to him without the usual camouflage of "those high in authority," "a spokesman of the Administration," etc. At the same time it was revealed that Mr. Hughes had three times directly informed the correspondents that in the opinion of the American delegation the agreement included Japan proper. Plainly it was very bad team work. Probably the President was uninformed as to how the delegates felt; indeed, he himself said at the time that he did not speak as one having the facilities of the delegation for understanding or knowing the exact situation. Not unnaturally, Washington is full of rumors of friction between the two men; these are not to be taken seriously, but the question of Mr. Harding's relationship to the press will doubtless again agitate Administration circles. It is widely believed that the establishment of the rule that correspondents must submit all questions in writing was largely due to the President's unpremeditated tossing off of the idea that an association of nations was at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand, a suggestion which profoundly agitated the press until it was discovered that there was little else to show for it than a pious wish. It would be highly regrettable for many reasons if it should be necessary to limit the White House conferences still further. But the need of better team play and cooperation is obvious.

MR. BORAH began the agitation for disarmament. This colloquy in the Senate shows that he knows what it means:

Mr. Poindexter: Am I to understand the Senator from Idaho to mean that literally—that he favors a complete disarmament for these several nations?

Mr. Borah: Of course, Mr. President, I understand that we could not have at this time complete disarmament.

Mr. Poindexter: Does the Senator favor it?

Mr. Borah: Yes. I would favor it if I could get it.

Mr. Poindexter: The Senator then would have the nations, including the United States, with no armament at all, and as I understand it, would be disposed to rely upon such an agreement as this.

Mr. Borah: If I had my way about it, I would disarm down to the question of a police force in and for the respective nations of the world. . . . I would depend upon the power of public opinion to enforce the rights of the respective nations without arms, and set up institutions and courts to that end.

EGYPT has learned from Mahatma Gandhi. Two years ago her Nationalist revolt expressed itself mainly in a futile military uprising. With that weapon there was no question of the victor. British bombing-planes destroyed villages near which railroad lines had been cut, and armored motor-cars and machine-guns soon reestablished order in the cities. Then followed the Milner Mission and the Milner report, which seemed to show the better genius of British liberal imperialism triumphant. It was for a moment only; Winston Churchill visited Egypt, and on his return the Milner report was set aside. Revolt simmered. Then came the deportation of Zaglul Pasha, the Nationalist leader, and the storm broke. There is violence again, but today Egypt practices non-cooperation as well. The government employees are on strike. The courts and ministries are perforce closed. If Egypt can find a leader of Gandhi's moral caliber to preach this spiritual resistance and if her people can rise, as the people of India are doing, to follow him, Egypt's cause is won. Empire cannot cope with such a weapon; and only so can the right of small nations overcome the might of imperial power.

AMERICAN imperialists have as little understanding of the profound significance of non-cooperation as British. Here are the Senators who have investigated conditions in Santo Domingo and Haiti complaining that "the political leaders in the Dominican Republic have rejected the conditions proposed for the withdrawal of the American forces" and that the population "has declined to take any steps to hold elections to constitute a Dominican Government which might negotiate the terms and arrange the conditions of the withdrawal of the American forces." The Senators misstate the case. The Dominicans refuse to barter their birth-right for nothing. They rightly insist that the American forces are in Santo Domingo in defiance of all legal and moral principle, and they refuse what the United States makes its first condition of withdrawal, to ratify all the acts of the military occupation and to endorse the outrageous loan foisted upon them by foreign soldiers acting under foreign bankers' inspiration. They refuse to cooperate in any half-measures of independence and they demand the restoration and recognition of their own government as the first condition of negotiation. Present day Senators may condemn them for it, but theirs is a spirit which Washington, John Hancock, and Benjamin Franklin would have understood and respected.

AS for the Senators' report urging retention of the Marines in Haiti, we must endorse the statement issued by the Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society. This statement declares that the report

is a disgrace to the United States. Issued immediately following a conference with Secretary Hughes, it justifies and makes a part of American public policy the overthrow by force of arms of small and weak nations. It endorses the policy followed in Haiti of using violence to impose upon a free people a treaty which they would never have accepted of their own free will, which in far milder form the republic of Haiti—the second oldest republic in the western hemisphere—had repeatedly rejected. It countenances the farce of a dummy president held in place by American bayonets, executing at second-hand the will of the American military authorities. The Commission has done irrevocable damage to the faith and good name of the United States, especially in Latin America, where our protestations of benevolence are as nothing in the face of the acts and facts which are now part of the public record. The report frankly accepts the theory of imperialism in its worst sense; it is in effect a justification of Japanese policy in Manchuria and Eastern Siberia; it makes impossible any serious protest by the United States against the imperialism of other nations. On the morrow of a great war fought in the name of self-determination of small peoples, at a time when the British Government is at last recognizing the virtual independence of Ireland, the United States is placing itself on the side of world reaction, militarism, and of the doctrine that might makes right. No decent or workable relations are possible between Haiti and the United States without the abrogation of the convention imposed upon Haiti by force. The United States should withdraw the Marines from Haiti and restore Haitian independence at once.

THE Baltic states were born as bulwarks against "bolshevik expansion." But they were first to make peace with Soviet Russia; they have learned that they are too closely linked with Russia economically to be able to afford to play the role of barrier. On October 31 representatives of the four Baltic states—Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Finland—and of Soviet Russia met in conference at Riga. A permanent economic bureau was established, and a resolution adopted providing for the conclusion of trade agreements between each of the Baltic states and Soviet Russia before January. Further resolutions regulated transport and transit questions and the use of the Baltic ports. Previous Baltic conferences had talked of cooperation with Poland; this was the first conference of the Baltic states in which Soviet Russia participated, and it was a real victory for the Soviet policy of establishing peaceful relations with Russia's neighbors. Curiously enough, the foreign press for some reason quite ignored the conference.

THE Secretary of Labor and the Cunard Line may hurl implications of dishonesty at each other and attempt to dodge responsibility for an obvious outrage, but meanwhile 204 homeless Hungarians released from Ellis Island with several hundred other aliens on a ninety-day reprieve,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

face probable deportation after their brief visit, all because somebody made a mistake. The Hungarian quota is filled—so much is plain. The Department says that an announcement to that effect was made on December 1. A Cunard Line official says that on December 1 the Labor Department announced that the Hungarian quota lacked 390 of being full; and that the report stating the completion of the quota was not issued until December 6, when the Aquitania was in mid-Atlantic. The Secretary of Labor says that he will sue the Cunard Line and other companies for violation of the Immigration Laws. Such is the tenor of the public exchange of courtesies. Meanwhile plain citizens gaze upon several plain facts. (1) The Government is apparently leaving in the hands of private companies the responsibility for carrying into effect an intricate and clumsy law. (2) Ellis Island, already intolerably crowded with the regular influx of aliens, is being further burdened by the presence of hundreds of persons awaiting deportation—persons who under the law should never have been allowed to come. (3) Men and women who have sold everything they possessed in their home countries, who have broken every tie and given up their employment to come to America, are wantonly turned back because through no fault of their own they exceed a legal quota. They live in misery during their short stay on these shores; they face hopeless want in the country to which they are forced to return.

WE hear opposition to the proposed Federal Anti-Lynching Law on the ground that it destroys the last shreds of the sovereign rights of the several States. While there may have been some slight ground for this view concerning the Dyer Bill as originally introduced, it is hard to take it very seriously concerning the new bill which has been drafted by the Judiciary Committee of the House, which will be the one to be pressed by the Administration forces. The new bill does not provide for the enforcement by the Federal courts of the criminal law of the several States. Under its terms the prosecution of criminals cannot be transferred to Federal jurisdiction. The bill merely makes lynching a Federal offense and makes it a Federal crime for a State officer to neglect to take reasonable measures to prevent it. In addition it provides for a forfeiture of $10,000 from any county in which lynching occurs, to be paid to the relatives of the victim, or to the United States if he has none. The day when lynching was a matter to be handled by the States is past. It disgraces the whole nation and makes our pretensions to world leadership sound hollow to European ears. Past experience has abundantly demonstrated that the several States are either unwilling or unable to cope with the problem. Federal action is imperative.

A GROUP of high-minded men—architects, engineers, contractors, and labor leaders—have worked out a simple yet comprehensive ethical code for the New York Building Trades. The revelations of the Lockwood Committee suggests that such a code is sadly needed. Mr. Untermyer, counsel for the Committee, on one day writes to the workers recommending that they make drastic reforms and the next day he writes to the employers:

> Bad as I find these conditions in the labor unions they are not so bad or so injurious to public welfare as are the conditions that still exist in your association.

It must be said that Mr. Untermyer makes his case. Some of his demands on labor might make more difficult not merely collusion with the employers to mulct the public, but also wholesome growth of workers' control and standards of craftsmanship. But in demanding the end of the permit system for non-union members, of excessive dues, of irresponsible accounting for labor union funds, and of interference with efficiency, the Lockwood Committee is on solid ground. The pity of it is that organized labor had fallen so easily into the acquisitive practices—to use a mild term—of our social system that it had to be told to clean house.

WHEN is a newspaper not a newspaper? The *Petit Parisien*, which claims, with its two millions, "the largest circulation in the world," recently announced that a newspaper was, after all, merely a form of industrial enterprise, and that it would print a special provincial edition at Tours, five hours south of Paris, thus not only distancing its Paris confrères, but competing with the great dailies of Central France. French newspaperdom arose in unanimous protest. The dignity, the independence, the freedom of the press was being attacked; the press was not a business, but—well, an institution. The *Matin*, the *Journal*, the *Echo de Paris*, the *Petit Journal*—all, with their circulations from half a million to a million and a half, businesses in their own fashion—were loudest in their righteous anger. Finally, the *Petit Parisien* announced that its scrupulous respect for the life of the smaller "journals of opinion"—Paris, it will be recalled, has no less than fifty dailies—led it to renounce its plan for a branch edition; incidentally it mentioned the fact that its competitors also had agreed not to publish local branch editions. The protest against the "trustified" newspaper was in part a manifestation of the public's romantic devotion to the idea that a newspaper, privately owned and operated for profit though it may be, is after all something vastly more than a business. A newspaper, with its potentialities of power, has something very appealing to the rich—witness the many metropolitan papers run for years at a loss; we only wish that, instead of Hearsts and Northcliffes more such men as Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* and the Pulitzers made the newspaper trusts.

NOT only Denmark but liberals and lovers of literature everywhere will celebrate the eightieth birthday of Georg Brandes on February 4. His marvelous old age which has produced the massive monographs on Goethe, Voltaire, Julius Caesar, and Michelangelo has illustrated more than ever the character of his intellectual service. From the beginning of his career Brandes has been a good European and has carried out in his thought and work Goethe's ideal of a world literature. He was enabled to do that partly by his position as a Dane whose critical faculty had necessarily to be exercised mainly upon literature other than his own, but essentially by virtue of that firmness and deep honesty of mind which stood him in such good stead during the World War. It is natural that we cannot look to him for delicate observations on form or expression, a kind of criticism that has always been highly valued among us. His method is psychological. The history of literature is to him part of the history of human thought and human civilization; its great figures are to him representatives of mankind rather than of their clan and folk. Never has this point of view been more necessary to mankind than today and it is but just that the eyes of Europe and America should turn in gratitude to the critic who has so powerfully represented it for nearly sixty years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Facts of Irish Freedom

WE confidently expect that the Dail will ratify the Anglo-Irish Treaty shortly after it reassembles on the third of January. If it should do otherwise we should still say that the Irish are the rightful arbiters of their own destiny and we should insist that it was neither just nor wise for the British to try to coerce them by violence into an agreement to which they cannot be persuaded by reason. But we do not expect this crisis to arise. The debate in the Dail expresses the natural opposition of a people who do not easily forget the long months and years during which "every Irish woman thanked God for the light of the morning." You cannot practice terrorism and then win an easy reconciliation. Every Irishman in his heart desires complete independence. Nevertheless the Dail will ratify because of the extraordinary capacity of its ablest leaders, both civil and military, to face facts. They may not like the shadow of the King's power that remains, but that shadow is not worth the price of war. Dr. Patrick McCartan put the matter bluntly but wisely when he said: "I am opposed to any king anywhere, but the republic of which Mr. De Valera was President is dead because it depended upon unity of the Irish people." Dr. McCartan's conviction that the Irish Free State had already won the acceptance of so many of the people as to make it impossible to take up the old fight is the more impressive because of his own long and utterly unselfish service to the cause. He knows not only the internal but the external situation. As the republic's first envoy to America and later as envoy to Russia, he spoke with authority when he declared that the Irish could not now go to any foreign Power and ask for recognition. These are inescapable facts, and however one may sympathize with the passionate sincerity of those who would make no compromise with Britain though it cost the life of every Irish man and woman it remains true that not in that spirit will the interests of Ireland be advanced or peace secured.

Opposition to the Anglo-Irish treaty is itself not united. It ranges from the impassioned no-compromise stand of Miss MacSwiney to the rather curious attitude of President De Valera, which Dr. McCartan plainly called a quibble. Apparently Mr. De Valera advocates not a life-and-death stand for the republic—he insists that he opposes this treaty because it does not make for peace—but some alternative of whose merits the public has not as yet had opportunity to judge. Mr. De Valera has never been a doctrinaire republican. He has always appreciated the need that Ireland live on peaceful terms with her powerful neighbor. While he was still in America he proposed a treaty with Britain rather like the arrangement the United States has with Cuba. Those who know the realities of American relations with Cuba might assure Mr. De Valera that Ireland's status under the proposed treaty will be infinitely preferable to Cuba's. Mr. De Valera's own reputation for statesmanship as well as courage has been so deservedly high that we can only wonder what is the explanation for his present position.

What gives an air of something like unreality to the opposition to the treaty is the failure of its critics to discuss Ulster. Alderman Cosgrave put the matter in a nutshell when he said that he preferred a dominion which would bring unity to the whole of Ireland to a republic for twenty-six counties. The Ulster issue is historically of British manufacture. Every consideration of reason demands that Ulster should be a part of Ireland, yet it is axiomatic that an independent Ireland could not coerce northeast Ulster—even if it so desired—without inviting not only civil war in Ireland but war with England and the loss of a very considerable part of the world's opinion which has supported the Irish in their own struggle for self-determination. Neither could an independent Ireland win the allegiance of Belfast as easily as can the Irish Free State. Ulster will not now feel that she is entirely without the Empire; she will have every economic reason to join with Ireland, and what is most important of all, the British will have everything to gain by seeing her throw in her lot with Ireland instead of remaining apart, an endless source of annoyance to every British Government. Even if there was no question of peace to obtain after so many centuries, the unity of Ireland is worth the little price of a rather cumbersome oath of allegiance and the presence of a Governor-General—whom the Irish people may if they choose keep in dignified and innocuous isolation.

A more serious objection to the treaty is voiced in Captain Monteith's letter published elsewhere in this issue. He argues that though the British army will be completely withdrawn the British navy will still control. He believes that the advantage will lie with battleships over garrisons. But an occasional battleship in Cork harbor can never terrorize Irish homes as constabulary and troops and Black and Tans have done. It cannot corrupt the Irish life or inspire Irish boys with false ideas of military glory to be won under the British flag in foreign lands. Nor will battleships in Cork harbor under the treaty do anything more than they would in a crisis if Ireland were nominally independent. Ireland cannot adequately arm against the British navy and Ireland ought not to enter upon so costly an attempt. The interest of her sister dominions, all of them free states, is a better guaranty against the tyranny of the British fleet than she could erect by herself.

Shall we be told that for Ireland to be a Free State associated with Britain is to make a covenant with imperialism? Rather is it true that Ireland and the Irish of the dominions can do more to check British imperialism than can Ireland as an independent state. Great Britain and the dominions constitute no true empire but a commonwealth of nations which, like the Union of our own States, is a real contribution to world unity. Assuredly the British Empire sins against freedom in its relation to India, Egypt, and other colonial possessions. But India's hope of freedom rests far more truly on the spirit and method of Gandhi than upon the chance of a new world war which Irish hostility to England might ultimately promote. Ireland within the association of British nations can, if she will, do a far finer thing for the freedom of India than Ireland whose protests threaten the peace of the world. There is no serious limitation on the Irish power to do all that a nation may to promote the happiness of her people and set an example to mankind. Under the treaty her future lies not with British politicians but with her own educators, cooperators, and labor unionists. Empires are breaking, political states grow tyrannous. The world needs Irish missionaries of freedom and cooperation as in the Dark Ages it needed Irish saints and scholars. Let Ireland now turn to the principles of George Russell's "National Being" with something of the enthusiasm which has made possible her national existence and she will bless mankind as at present she cannot do by an irreconcilable struggle for complete dissociation from the British states.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Prisons Do to Men

Marquette, Mich., December 12.—Fred Menhennit, deputy warden of the Marquette branch prison, died from knife wounds inflicted by three convicts, "Gypsy Bob" Harper, Jasper Perry, and Charles Roberts. The three convicts were flogged this morning. Arthur Anderson, prison clerk, who, with Major Robert Marsh of the State Constabulary, has been placed in charge of the prison, has ordered them flogged every day until they "come to time." Harper will get thirty lashes, Perry and Roberts twenty-five each day.—Special dispatch to the New York *Herald*.

IT would seem from the above and other recent occurrences of a similar character that the American prison is running true to form. On the day following the date of the Marquette dispatch the newspapers carried the story of a mutiny of eighty prisoners in the Essex County penitentiary at North Caldwell, New Jersey; and it is only a few months since the Michigan press was teeming with stories of the brutal flogging of insane convicts in the State Prison at Jackson, of incredible cruelties practiced on the young men and boys confined in the State Reformatory at Ionia, and of conditions of filth, neglect, and immorality too vile for words, in the Industrial Home for Boys at Lansing.

If the gentle reader, shocked by these revelations, consoles himself with the reflection that they are, after all, exceptional, let him read Frank Tannenbaum's account of the American prison in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. If he is tempted to explain them as the expression of the new spirit of unrest and violence which the war has left in its wake, let his memory go back to the scandals that made Joliet a by-word a half dozen years ago and to the stories of the tortures inflicted on ignorant, foreign devotees of strange forms of our common Christianity in the Leavenworth disciplinary barracks.

The plain fact is that we are not dealing with something new and strange nor with something exceptional and sporadic, but with a system of penal administration which is characteristic of the American prison and which is actually in effect in all but a few of the State prisons and in most of the so-called reformatories. So well is this known and understood that the Director of Prisons of the Commonwealth of New Zealand in his last report congratulates the people of his island community on the fact that they have long since abandoned the system which leads to such cruelties as are still practiced in American prisons.

Now let it be said that we, the American people, do not allow such conditions as have been described above to go on without a challenge. The savagery at Marquette, though less than a fortnight old, has already raised a storm of protest from "students of criminology at Ann Arbor" and from women's clubs and other organizations in Detroit and elsewhere. The revelations regarding Jackson, Ionia, and Lansing brought forth a legislative investigation and the removal of a warden and a few other prison officials. A riot in a great Western prison a few years ago resulted in the appointment of a new warden, who soon had the entire prison population locked up in their cells in solitary confinement, two or three hundred of them in chains, and who, for something like six months after he assumed office, did not venture to go into the prison himself.

To all such efforts the French maxim applies: The more things change, the more are they the same. The trouble is the illusion that what we are up against is a bad man, when it is really a bad system, based on a false theory of human nature, of which the man is usually himself a victim. This system, which is as naive as it is fatal in its results, is frankly punitive and its god is Discipline. It runs through our whole criminal law, from the judge who sees no remedy for a "crime wave" but to double the drastic penalties of the penal code, to the warden who knows no way of making an offender "come to time" except that of flogging him into insensibility. There must be something in the stern stuff of which governors of States are made that makes this philosophy peculiarly congenial to them. Witness Governor Whitman, after the retirement of Mr. Osborne from Sing Sing, congratulating the people of the State of New York on the return of the era of "iron discipline" in the prisons of the State; and Governor Groesbeck of Michigan endorsing the flogging at Marquette on the ground that "there has been too much of a tendency to forget that prisons are prisons. Prisons are for punishment and it is time they commenced to serve that purpose."

One of the students of criminology at Ann Arbor, Professor Arthur Evans Wood, answering the Governor, goes to the root of the matter, declaring that we must "clean up the whole rotten system" of brutal repression. Neither flogging nor torturing confinement in dungeons ever made a bad man good or served as a deterrent to crime. On the contrary such practices inevitably degrade both him who inflicts and him who suffers them. A man is punished by being committed to prison, but the prison is not a hell for the further punishment of the wicked, but an opportunity for the development of the more humane and civilized qualities of those who have, for the lack of those qualities, been thrown on the scrap-heap of our social system. That our prisons may perform this service they must be taken out of the hands of the type of men who have made them what they are and put in charge of men scientifically trained for the work of human redemption. But this is ancient learning and was as well known to Elizabeth Fry and William Penn as it is to Jane Addams and Thomas Mott Osborne. Verily, "the thoughts of God are long, long thoughts."

The Department of Injustice

AFTER nine long months under a false charge of murder Captain Robert Rosenbluth has been officially vindicated by the public action of James W. Selden, Prosecuting Attorney of Pierce County, Washington. Selden alone was competent to prosecute him on the charge of complicity in the death of Major Cronkhite made against him by the Federal Department of Justice. Captain Rosenbluth's vindication constitutes an indictment against the Department of Justice and Attorney General Daugherty which concerns the honor of America. Attorney General Daugherty replied to detailed charges against the Department, made in *The Nation* in connection with the Rosenbluth case, on October 11, declaring: "In so far as your article contains statements of fact they are in every fair sense and purport incorrect. In so far as your article contains inferences of your own they are incorrect because based upon incorrect facts." These "incorrect" facts are now confirmed, and others added, by Prosecutor Selden's keen and exhaustive report on the case.

We can call attention only to some of Mr. Selden's salient

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

points: (1) On March 30 Mr. Daugherty telegraphed the United States Attorney at Seattle, Washington, as follows: "Agree with you no Federal jurisdiction. Authorize you confer with State Prosecutor. Give him benefit information now in your possession. . . . Entire file covering investigation will be forwarded . . . for delivery to State Prosecutor." Yet in plain violation of this admission by the Attorney General that his Department had no jurisdiction Captain Rosenbluth was held by the Federal authorities under $25,000 bail until July 27, 1921. (2) The Attorney General did not turn over the complete file as he promised. He did not forward the retraction of the alleged confession of one Pothier charging that Rosenbluth had ordered him to kill Cronkhite. This retraction finally became public only by the initiative of the New York *World*. (3) Mr. Selden shrewdly analyzes the various statements attributed to Pothier and the manner in which they were obtained. So weak does he find them that he declares that he could not even prosecute Pothier himself because no jury would convict him "except upon the plea of guilty." And this "confession" was the only evidence against Rosenbluth! (4) Mr. Selden presents affidavits from former associates of Captain Rosenbluth which "show almost conclusively that Captain Rosenbluth could have had no connection with the killing of Major Cronkhite. They show that he was held in high esteem by those who know him best." They also show that some of these army officers were approached by agents of the Department in a deliberate attempt to blacken Captain Rosenbluth's name. Prosecutor Selden's conclusions naturally follow: He upholds the findings of the Military Board of Inquiry as to the death of Major Cronkhite; he rejects the statements made by Pothier; and he completely and emphatically vindicates Captain Rosenbluth.

In what he has done Mr. Selden has gone to the limits of legal propriety and deserves nation-wide praise for his courage and sense of justice. But public opinion is warranted in going further. Why did the Department of Justice persecute an innocent man? Why did its agents extort a confession from a man of "weak mind" and "feeble character"? Why did it withhold complete files from Prosecutor Selden and seek to persuade Rosenbluth's former associates that his character was bad? Why did it abet the publication throughout the United States of charges supported by such flimsy evidence? These things were not done in haste, for the Department has persisted in its attitude to the very end. We cannot believe that such proceedings have the approval of the President. Congress should institute a searching investigation at once. It ought also to pass legislation giving to innocent men redress which they now lack even after systematic persecution by public officials. There is too much reason to fear that Captain Rosenbluth's case is not unique. The Attorney General's last report acknowledges the existence of a Bureau of Investigation with elaborate files of alleged information about sundry citizens suspected of radical affiliations. After these revelations can we trust it with such power? We had hoped better things. Mr. Daugherty has done some useful work in combating peonage in Southern States and he is showing a wholesome skepticism of the dime-novel detective story told by his subordinate, Mr. Burns, on the authority of "Windy" Linde. But these things do not offset bureaucratic blindness and sheer malice. It is time to clean house in Mr. Daugherty's Department even if that should, perchance, end in the impeachment of high officials.

Henry Watterson

WITH Henry Watterson passes a type—literally the last of a journalistic generation in which shone Murat Halstead, Joseph Pulitzer, Whitelaw Reid, Horace Greeley, Horace White, St. Clair McKelway, the James Gordon Bennetts, Charles A. Dana, and Edwin L. Godkin. It is customary to speak of the loss of the great editorial figures and then to cite Henry Watterson as beyond doubt one of the most powerful press writers of his time, and as an example of one who thundered in his editorial page and profoundly influenced many thousands throughout the country. This he undoubtedly did, for there was a Watterson cult as there was a Dana cult and a Godkin following. Moreover, Colonel Watterson had all the advantage of geographical location. As a spokesman of the South there was none to equal him, particularly after the death of the senior Howell of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Northern editors invariably quoted him as a true exponent of the more liberal Southern feeling.

At this hour it is, perhaps, ill-timed to attempt to assay the value of his editorial services. But it is possible to say that, as regards his style, we shall probably never look upon his like again. For our journalism, with all its faults, has progressed well beyond the ponderous, turgid, dogmatic editorial in which Colonel Watterson reveled. If much of our editorial writing is infinitely less informed and wholly without the background which gave weight to Colonel Watterson's writing, it has at least graduated from the pompous three-column editorial, often continued for two or three successive days. Nobody asks for its resurrection. Time is too short, and the public has rightly come to the conclusion that any case can be fully stated in a long column at most. The elder generation thought otherwise. Carl Schurz, for instance, and, at times, George William Curtis, needed a very long column to "turn around in"; but it must be said that when these editorial giants had threshed a thing through there was often little else to be said.

Beyond question Colonel Watterson was a strong personality in himself aside from his writing. He was of those who believed that an editor should be active in politics in his personal as well as his editorial capacity, and it was because of this that there arose the unfortunate *contretemps* which marred his relation to the first Wilson campaign. He was of the "practical" school of politics and yet if any avowedly idealistic editor were to be as often in opposition as was Colonel Watterson he would be written down as a sadly pessimistic, never-to-be-satisfied, interminably critical and fault-finding plague. Colonel Watterson opposed bitterly almost every one of our latter-day Presidents, whether they were of his own party or of the opposition, and yet few applied to him the fault-finding adjectives so freely bestowed upon Edwin L. Godkin. The exuberance of his language did not injure him as it did many another, and as for his prophecies, his constituency minded no more their going astray than the Roosevelt followers cared when their Colonel strayed from the path of political rectitude he so loudly blazoned for others. Well, we shall miss Colonel Watterson not a little. He lent life and color and picturesqueness to a profession which sadly needs it. Where shall we find another to write, as the editor of the *Courier-Journal* did of Theodore Roosevelt when President, that he was "as sweet a gentleman as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat"?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Senators Visit Haiti and Santo Domingo

By ERNEST H. GRUENING

The writer of this article, who is Managing Editor of The Nation, *has just returned from the Caribbean, where he went in order to present a first-hand account of the official hearings. Another article, entitled Haiti and Santo Domingo Today, will be published in a forthcoming issue.*

THE Senatorial Commission investigating the American Occupation and Administration of Haiti and Santo Domingo, Senators McCormick (chairman), Oddie, Pomerene, and Jones, passed two and a half weeks on the Caribbean island which houses both republics, leaving a trail of hope, anticipation, doubt, and disappointment.

To the majority of Haitians the Commission's coming meant deliverance. A simple people, it has been said, these Haitians. For weeks the event had been virtually their sole and universal topic. A couple of naval whitewash inquiries had made them skeptical about the United States's good faith, but they felt that a Senate Commission was bound to be different, and they regarded the six long and oppressive years of military occupation as nearing an end. A presentiment that all their hopes might not be realized came with the refusal of the Commission to order even the temporary abrogation of martial law for the period of its stay and its failure to issue, as the Haitians had repeatedly requested, an emphatic proclamation assuring safety to all witnesses. True, an announcement was made two days before the Senators' arrival, but it was issued from brigade headquarters, specifically denied the need "further to assure the security of witnesses," and went so far as to repeat the language of the proclamation which had preceded the meaningless Mayo court that the Commission would "not condone perjury." In the prevailing Haitian state of mind—a dash of ice water!

Cheering news, however, was that the Commission would stay at a hotel, and not as rumor had established for weeks, at the homes of the chief officers of the Occupation. This with the radio request from the chairman asking what entertainment, if any, the Cercle Bellevue had planned, again placed the Commission in the light of friendly and impartial investigators. The Cercle Bellevue, which is Port au Prince's exclusive club, famed for the quality of its entertainments, had up to that moment firmly abandoned its traditionally hospitable habit—it would not risk the possibility of a slight, of a single Senator's wife declining its invitation to the elaborate ball and supper which it now proceeded to arrange. And rooted in this question of social, or rather normal, human intercourse lies the essence of many past misunderstandings and the gravest menace to friendly relations in the future.

The hearings too started off poorly. The news that the Commission would spend but four days in Port au Prince, when four weeks were considered scarcely adequate, produced general consternation, the public grasping with difficulty that the Commission had already spent seven weeks in session, and that the trip to the Caribbean represented to some of the Senators a distinct political sacrifice. For weeks rumors had been circulating through Haiti that this Commission was but another whitewash affair and as evidence thereof, it would stay only a week! So the Haitian morale was somewhat impaired.

The first afternoon was consumed by three witnesses testifying to abuses by the military and persistent cross-examination, which failed to break down the last of these, Marc Ducheine, a respected citizen of Hinche. He had been arrested, subjected to daily manhandling by a high officer (name given) in order to get him to confess to a cache of arms of another individual of which he had no knowledge. After several weeks' detention he was given a convict's garb and thus learned for the first time from a Gendarmerie officer that he had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He actually served three years and five months, the greater part at the hardest kind of labor. He did not know, to this day, he said, the crime with which he had been charged and for which he had never been tried. There followed what was intended to be a brief appeal by Georges Sylvain, managing director of the Union Patriotique, to the Commission—but circumstances kept him on the stand all the following day. He hoped, in view of the shortness of the Commission's stay, the difficulty of communication, the prevailing financial distress, and the terrorization of potential witnesses that the Senators would go into the interior, into the sections where most violence had occurred, and hear witnesses there. His assertions that a state of fear existed and that witnesses were consequently intimidated were sharply challenged. These were grave charges, atrocious charges, and of a wholly general nature, he was told. He was asked to name twenty-five witnesses who had been intimidated. He tried to explain that he was not offering testimony, but simply describing a general state of mind, which, due to the failure of the Commission to give adequate guaranties, existed. Upon thunderous demands for proof he offered to read some letters received from potential witnesses in outlying districts telling of their fears, but again was cut short when the Commission grasped that none of these letters were sworn declarations. It was all a misunderstanding, which illustrated but one thing—the fundamental dissimilarity in the temperament and methods of the two cultures. With the utmost sincerity on both sides the incompatibility remains.

Then followed a long questionnaire by Senator Pomerene which widened the breach. He wanted to know all about this Union "Patrique"; what was it, by what right did it claim to represent the sentiment of the country, was it not hostile to the United States and hostile to the Haitian Government, did it not contain among its members several aspirants to the Haitian Presidency? How was it financed; had it received any financial assistance from the United States? All of which was satisfactorily explained; the Union Patriotique did represent the prevailing sentiment; it was, of course, not hostile to the United States; on the contrary, it desired American friendly offices, but it was naturally irrevocably opposed to the illegal overthrow of Haitian sovereignty and the occupation of the country by alien military forces; as for its harboring in its midst presidential candidates, its by-laws specifically forbade its espousing any presidential candidacy or interesting itself in any way in individuals. As for the finances, they were derived from dues and special constributions by members—not a cent had ever come from outside of Haiti. The Senatorial heckling then took a new turn. Who, Senator Pomerene wanted to know with some show of grimness (Senator

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pomerene's bark is worse than his bite but the Haitians did not know that), was responsible for the inscriptions in the welcoming demonstration of the preceding morning: "Shall Haiti be your Belgium?", "Shall Haiti be your Ireland?", "Shall Haiti be your Congo?" The Union Patriotique, of course. Did the Union Patriotique think that it could influence or control the opinions of the Commission by such devices? Did it seek to arouse the populace by these inscriptions? If not, what purpose could it have in proclaiming such sentiments? The answer, of course, was that they represented the sentiments of the Haitians. And then the entire day was spent in questions about Haitian history, Haitian education, designed to bring out the backwardness of the Haitians and other national defects. All this produced an unfortunate impression that the Senators were hostile, an effect that was in part overcome by the geniality and friendliness of the entire Senatorial party at the Cercle Bellevue affair that night, which upheld all the club's traditions of brilliance. To this function neither a single officer in the Occupation nor the President were invited.

The next morning there were no sessions, the afternoon was given to private conferences, which left but one day for testimony. This day was, however, filled to overflowing. A French priest, Father Le Sidanet, told of 250 houses of peaceable Haitians burned. One Polydor St. Pierre exhibited a back and legs seared with the scars of a red hot iron deliberately applied in the prison at St. Marc—and at the recollection of his poignant sufferings broke down and wept, while the Senators appeared deeply moved. He testified that the burning had been performed by Captain Fitzgerald Brown of the Marine Corps. A witness put on by the Occupation immediately after testified that he had been in the prison at the time and that the burning had been done by a Haitian gendarme. Lanoue, one of the editors of the *Courrier Haitien*, who had been in prison at the same time, swore in turn that he had often heard the preceding witness describe the burning at the hands of Captain Brown. It seemed established, however, beyond contradiction that the burning had taken place in the prison, where the victim was subsequently treated for five months for his burns, and that the prison was in charge of Captain Brown. Volney Paultre testified to witnessing three men tortured with an electric current derived from a field radio to extract confessions. After prolonged agonies they confessed and were later, he said—although to this he was not an eye-witness—killed.

Jolibois, co-editor with Lanoue of the *Courrier Haitien*, his six months' term ended, appeared to testify to the reasons for his imprisonment. When the order reestablishing martial law was issued his paper was already on the press. Haitian journalism is primitive. It boasts no linotypes and only flat-bed presses. Composition is by hand. An article criticizing the Occupation was already in type. In order not to scrap the entire issue, Jolibois extracted from the type all sentences that he considered could possibly be objectionable, leaving the spaces blank. But the court martial decided that the readers could read inflammatory sentiments into the blanks! Jolibois had been leading the opposition to the Occupation, and the latter was determined to "get" him. Thus would the British have regarded Tom Paine. Courts-martial verdicts are generally determined in advance. In this connection Judge William H. Jackson, the distinguished jurist who for eight years was United States District Judge at Panama and later presiding Judge of the Land Court, established by the Occupation in Santo Domingo, related to me a significant experience of his own. When Fabio Fiallo, the Dominican poet and journalist whose imprisonment caused such a stir throughout Latin-America that Washington was forced to reverse the verdict of the military, was placed on trial, the Judge Advocate in charge of the prosecution asked Judge Jackson to appear before the court and as an expert in Spanish to give his judgment as to the incendiary character of the newspaper article in Fiallo's paper, *La Bandera Libre*, which Fiallo had written and for which he was being tried. Upon reading the article Judge Jackson informed the Judge Advocate that basing his opinion on his knowledge of the Spanish language and the Hispanic temperament and customs, he would be obliged to give his judgment that the article was not incendiary in character and not actionable. "In that case," said the Judge Advocate, "we shall not call you." Judge Jackson was not called; the court martial found Fiallo guilty and sentenced him to three years' imprisonment and $5,000 fine. It was fittingly retributive that the Fiallo case did more to bring the Dominican cause before the world than any other single incident. Fiallo's crime and Jolibois's crime was that each protested against the alien invasion and conquest of his country.

The disappointment of the Haitians at the shortness of the Senatorial stay and the consequent impossibility of hearing a great number of witnesses—there had literally been just one day and a half of testimony in Port au Prince—was lessened somewhat by Senator Pomerene's announcement that the case was by no means closed, that the Commission would continue to sit in Washington and would be glad to hear further witnesses and to receive any and all depositions.

The Commission passed overland accompanied by seven officers of the Occupation in addition to the auto drivers, stopped briefly at several interior towns, where demonstrations demanding the return of national independence, the abolition of martial law, and the release of the imprisoned Haitian journalists were staged. Senator Oddie and the official stenographer remained a day at Hinche and Maissade to take the testimony of some twenty-four witnesses—mostly of the killing of various of their relatives. These witnesses came in a steady stream, trudging in miles from the surrounding country. The press was not represented at these hearings as at the last moment the previous arrangements to take its representatives overland fell through, the reason given being lack of available transportation facilities. At that late hour it was virtually impossible to arrange for private transportation and those of the party who were not included in the overland arrangements went directly to Santo Domingo on the transport Argonne.

The atmosphere in the Hispanic Republic was vastly better than in Haiti. I am convinced that none of the Senators was conscious of the slightest difference in his attitude, but to those who had been spectators at the hearings in both cases the change was startling. For one thing it was Santo Domingo's first testimony before the Commission. At any rate, there was a friendliness, an elaborate courtesy, an overflowing of the milk of human kindness in Santo Domingo which had been missing in Haiti. From the Senators to the first witness, Señor Francisco Peynado, flowed a steady stream of compliments. He was, he asserted at one time, speaking only as an individual—he was not a leader. Senator Pomerene begged leave to insist that he was. Señor Peynado's son, the organizer of the demon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stration of protest against the Occupation, was called by Senator McCormick to sit by his side during one of the sessions. There were innumerable other touches of like nature which the Dominicans appreciated and which produced a favorable impression. Señor Peynado, who is president of the College of Lawyers, summed up the Dominican desire with "Give us our independence with the security of your friendship." Questioned in detail about Dominican revolutions, he asserted they were essentially harmless to life and property—entirely so to the life and property of foreigners. In all Dominican history but one American had been killed—by a shot aimed at an ex-President—and for this carelessness the Dominican Government had promptly paid to the relatives the sum of $33,000. Indeed it was brought out that the "vocation of being a foreigner" had often in the past been considered safe and lucrative. As for the great body of Dominicans they were neither perturbed by nor interested in the revolutions; their life continued unchanged. And even the revolutionists suffered few casualties. There was marching and countermarching, playing for position, little real fighting. Revolution, in short, was a "sport." In 1912, with the country in revolution eleven months out of twelve, the Dominican Republic had exported and imported more goods than the sum total of six other Hispanic-American countries.

The second witness, Pedro Perez, a former governor of Seibo province, after testifying at some length and answering numerous questions, startled the uneventful procedure by refusing flatly to answer a question by Senator Pomerene as to how the revolutionists of former days secured their arms, horses, and supplies. There was mild surprise and an inquiry for the reason of this refusal. Because, asserted the witness in substance, all these questions being internal Dominican matters were no one else's business, and that he wanted there and then to know by what right the United States was in Santo Domingo, in violation of all international law and treaties and by what right it had treated Dominicans like "Negroes of the Congo."

The Dominicans' case proceeded like a well-oiled machine. In the five days at their disposal they concentrated on two main points—first, that the reasons alleged for the original landing and Occupation were invalid; second, the introduction of a certain number of atrocities, designed, as Mr. Horace G. Knowles, counsel for the Dominicans, took pains to emphasize, not to indict the offenders individually or even the military Occupation to such extent that it might be held responsible for the deeds of its subordinates, but to indicate what the Dominican people had suffered and why in consequence bitterness against the Occupation existed.

Witness after witness, qualified by first-hand knowledge or a special intimacy with the events of the time, testified that four facts in the following paragraph from the statement prepared by the Navy Department for the Senatorial Commission and incorporated in the record were false.

> Fortunately the election of Jimenez who took office on December 5, 1914, was followed by a period of comparative calm in the Dominican Republic. The elements of disorganization were present, however, awaiting favorable opportunity for expression. In April, 1916, General Desiderio Arias, Secretary of War, executed a coup d'etat, deposed Jimenez, and seized the executive power. At this point the United States Government intervened and, with the consent of the rightful though deposed President Jimenez, landed naval forces on May 5, 1916, and pacified Santo Domingo City, the capital. Jimenez then resigned, and the Council of Ministers assumed control of affairs.

The four facts which each successive witness strenuously combated were: (1) That General Arias executed a coup d'etat and deposed Jimenez; (2) that Arias seized the executive power; (3) that President Jimenez ever consented to the landing of the American troops, and (4) that United States naval forces pacified Santo Domingo City. Instead, it was vigorously contended that while there had been a difference of opinion between the Secretary of War and the President, there had been no coup d'etát, and Arias had not seized the executive power. President Jimenez's son, his secretary, Arturo Logroño, and others swore that the late President had never consented to the landing of troops; that when he first saw them disembarking he believed them merely for the protection of the American Legation and that the American Minister, Mr. W. W. Russell, had specifically assured him of that fact; and that when he saw the number of troops exceeded that which could possibly be needed as a legation guard he realized what was happening and resigned. Finally the Dominicans denied the implication that the naval forces had pacified the city, saying that the city was quiet. The testimony was impressively given and convincing. In trying to check it up I asked Mr. Russell whether the above allusion to him was correct. He replied that he had given the assurance that the troops were landing merely to protect the Legation and that at that time he had so believed. On the other hand he asserted that a shrapnel shell had burst in the front yard of the Legation, fragments of which were still in his possession, and that during a lull in the fighting he had rushed his wife and his three children and other American women down to the beach to comparative safety. The Dominican testimony indicated that the total casualties were two killed and eight wounded.

The other part of the Dominicans' defense took issue with the charge that they had violated Article III of the treaty of 1907 which forbids their increasing their public debt without the consent of the United States. This was the reason given in a proclamation by Admiral Knapp and has been the official justification for our Occupation. The Dominicans contended that their public debt had not been increased, that the interest and amortization on the outstanding loans had been paid regularly in accordance with the treaty, and that the deficit of about $14,000 in the national treasury mostly owing on the pay of soldiers and other government officials, a deficit brought about by the world crisis, was a purely internal affair and in no sense affected the agreement with the United States. Here was at most a difference in interpretation as to what was included in the words "public debt." That such a difference of opinion gave the United States the right without referring to arbitration, without even preliminary discussion with the Dominican Government, to intervene *vi et armis* and to abolish all Dominican government is scarcely tenable.

Impressive throughout was the excellence of the Dominicans' morale. In taking their stand upon the high ground that the American Occupation was illegal, they have assumed a position which is and will continue to be impregnable. Allusions to certain internal difficulties, to failures of government, to lack of this or that form of progress leave them unruffled. That, they assert, is their own business. And every Dominican witness ended with a definite statement of this position; entered his accusation of wrongdoing against the United States and his demand for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an unqualified return of Dominican independence subject only to the preexisting treaty of 1907. And the case was admirably summed up when the eloquent Arturo Logroño concluded with:

> By disembarking troops and committing an act of war without previous declaration against a friendly nation, and despoiling its government, the United States has violated (a) the Constitution of the United States, (b) the Constitution of the Dominican Republic, (c) existing treaties between both, (d) especially the convention of 1907, in turning over to marines and not to the Dominican Republic the balance of the customs receipts after taking out amortization and collection charges, (e) the resolution not to intervene proposed by the United States and adopted at the Third International Conference of the Hague, (f) international law, (g) the object and purpose of the Monroe Doctrine as interpreted by the United States, (h) *the Fourteenth Point of Woodrow Wilson.*

There is the charge, clear, categorical, complete. It cannot, unfortunately, be successfully refuted.

Turning from principles to details, the Dominicans staged a performance that might well make Caius Caligula, Torquemada, and the Marquis de Sade turn in their graves with envy. Specifically they put on the stand witnesses who testified to the manners and customs in the field of one Charles Frederick Merkel, late captain U. S. M. C. To this gentle soul the water cure was but the merest reprimand. I shall not go into the harrowing details—they will all be printed in the official record—which deserves wider reading than it will probably receive. Suffice to say that they included nearly every form of torture imaginable. Nor need one accept merely the testimony of Dominican witnesses in this case, convincing as they were. Word of this officer's eccentricities filtered through to headquarters and an investigation was begun. The report of Major R. S. Kingsbury confirms many of the gravest charges made by the Dominicans and formed the basis of Captain Merkel's arrest for trial by court martial. He committed suicide four days later, October 2, 1918.

The Occupation naturally disclaims responsibility for Merkel. He was an exception, a brute, a disgrace to the service—and the fact that he was to be court-martialed indicates the official attitude. Unfortunately he was allowed to carry on his abominable cruelties for at least six months, two months after definite complaints had been made and an inquiry ordered. The fact remains too that whether or not these officers' performances are unrepresentative—which nobody will for an instant deny—they are an inevitable accompaniment of the sort of campaign of "pacification" which we carried on in Santo Domingo and Haiti; and belatedly repudiating or even court-martialing an occasional ultra-conspicuous offender neither restores the lives of their innocent victims, nor indemnifies their relatives or the tortured survivors. And the effect on the public sentiment in the subjugated country is irremediable. In the case of Merkel, no less than three officers of superior rank assured me in all seriousness that the explanation of this phenomenon was that he was a German and that he had been placed where he was by the Imperial German Government for the purpose of stirring the Dominicans to revolt by his cruelties. Merkel was in the Marine Corps for eighteen years, working up from the ranks. It was not the Imperial German Government which commissioned him and then promoted him through successive grades, or which planted him in the Marine Corps in the year 1900—although a telegraphic response just received from the Marine Corps states that his birthplace is "recorded as Mannheim, Germany." Merkel, however, was by no means the only officer accused. Charges only slightly less grave were made against others, one senior to Merkel, and a number of their scarred and mutilated victims were present to testify had the hearings continued. But as those officers have not yet had their day in court I will not cite their names.

At the impressive demonstration on the last day when thousands marched through the city and assembled finally in the historic Plaza Colon the determination of the Dominicans to regain their unqualified independence was again evident. The placards bore but four inscriptions, all variants of the same idea: "We want our liberty," "Give us our independence," "We protest against the Occupation," "Death is preferable to slavery." Senator McCormick, after preliminary verbal courtesies, said that he desired himself to "join in the common aspiration for the establishment in the future of the foundation of civil order sure and undisturbed, of economic prosperity continued and sure and upheld by these, the independent Government of the Dominican people." He was rapturously applauded. If any Dominican sensed the qualifying phrases he was too polite to withhold his plaudits. Senator Pomerene followed and delivered a ringing speech, one of those stentorian affairs with well-rounded sentences which go so well with the Ohio electorate. He had never seen a Commission, he said, so determined to get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; that the American people wanted nothing more and nothing less than the prosperity of all Dominicans; and that the Senatorial Commission was actuated with the single purpose of discovering what was for the Dominicans' good. But he did not mention independence. Strange how difficult that one word is for many who represent the country that made it famous! It was the word and the one sentiment that the Dominicans desired to hear. But having heard justice and truth fervently uttered, they went away hopeful and optimistic. A simple people, too, these Dominicans.

At the time of going to press the views of the Commission are disclosed in a preliminary report on Haiti and in a statement by Senator McCormick on Santo Domingo, made public with numerous Haitian and Dominican witnesses still to be heard and before the summing up of counsel for either side. These pronouncements will be discussed later. That both can disregard not only the deep-seated and unanimous desire for independence by Dominicans and Haitians and the illegality of our original overthrow of the sovereignties of these two weak and hitherto independent republics may come as a profound shock to those who, perhaps somewhat naively, still cling to the principles that have long been cherished as fundamental in our republic. Yet to those who have followed the recent and steady development of our *realpolitik*, the verdict will not be surprising. In any event the voluminous record incidental to the work of the Commission will at least serve to place before the world officially and in incontrovertible form what has hitherto remained in the realm of rumor, conjecture, and unsupported assertion. As such the inquiry is merely an incident in the dramatic and tragic relations between our country and these two little Caribbean nations. The struggle to achieve their freedom and to perpetuate, or shall we say, to reestablish, some pristine ideals of our own has just begun. And in the end there can be but one outcome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Conference and Its Experts

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, December 26

"PLEASE check your experts at Ellis Island and with the port health officer at San Francisco on arrival and call for them when you leave." This was *not* a postscript to President Harding's invitation to the nine Powers which are taking part in this Conference on the Limitation of Armaments but it should have been, for the experts have been doing their worst ever since they got here to bedevil the whole situation and to make as slight as possible the gains for humanity. "What would you?" said a distinguished Japanese to me. "The naval experts have been taught all their lives to measure the effectiveness of their own and the rival navies in tons. They have been balancing ton against ton and gun against gun until they have decided exactly what they think their particular nations must have in order to save themselves from destruction. Then they come over here and, of course, they have got to show us just how much they know and how skilful they are in working out each problem, and how important they are, and the statesmen are at first so filled with the idea that they must not disagree with these experts that they are very slow to upset them." This was by way of answering my protest that the Japanese experts' insistence upon the Mutzu had done Japan more harm in public opinion than a dozen Mutzus could compensate for in any save the narrowest of naval eyes.

But the Japanese experts are not the only ones that have done harm here. It is now well known that it is our naval experts who are persuading Mr. Hughes to defy the popular opinion in this country in favor of the abolition of the submarine. As to that opinion there can be no doubt. When the daily press of New York, with hardly an exception, joins the liberal and radical press in demanding the doing away with this sneaky weapon of war, it is pretty safe to say that the country is almost a unit against it. Some of the largest church and women's organizations are unqualifiedly on record to that effect here in Washington. But Mr. Hughes will not yield. He has so far headed off the British attempt to bring the issue before the whole Conference in open session—for fear, it is said, lest the galleries take violent sides with the English and stampede things a bit. I can see no other reason for this attitude in a delegation which speaks for the man who called this Conference in order to limit armaments than that the experts have persuaded Mr. Hughes that somebody else, presumably the English, have too much to gain by the wiping out of the submarine. Well, what if they are purely selfish? This wonderful opportunity, which may not recur, to abolish one of the weapons that threaten the peace of the world is probably to pass unused except that there is another compromise (compromise number 2478A since this Conference began) in sight by which Mr. Hughes will consent to lower the tonnage allotted by some thousands of tons—the English journalists here have never recovered from their amazement that Mr. Hughes at the outset offered them more tons of submarines than they needed or wished. "We thought," said they, "this was a conference to *limit* and not to increase any armament?"

The question is whether we are not asking too much of any professional man to request that he take part in the whittling down of his own trade with the belief openly expressed that these first steps will lead eventually to the abolition of the entire profession. When I read how the medical profession rages when anybody, be he scientist or chiropractor or somebody within the pale itself, tries to interfere with the well-oiled machinery I begin to feel that the navy people are behaving rather generously down here.

As it is we must expect to see the navy applauding the *Army and Navy Journal* for pointing out immediately after the publication of the Hughes proposals that the reduction in capital ships necessitated the immediate increase of the navy's personnel by *several thousand officers!* At the same time, while desirous of extending every consideration to men who feel as if they were being asked to commit a mild form of hara-kiri, it is only just to point out that navy men are proverbially slow to accept progress and new ideas, or to correlate their professional ideas to those of the world. No one should take my word for this. Fortunately, no less distinguished a man than Admiral Sims made this very topic the subject of his presidential address at the Navy War College at its opening last fall, and one need only take up the history of the development of such American inventions as the monitor, the submarine, the floating mine, and many another to find historical examples of what Admiral Sims plainly had in mind. Naval and military men were certainly the last to be chosen to act as advisers at this scene which was staged as the first step to free the world of all the theories and preconceptions they hold dearest.

It was bad enough to have this Conference in the hands of experts in statecraft and authorities in bureaucratic red-tape without asking in anybody else. What the situation now so badly needs is a liberal dose of business-like common sense, interpreted by men free from tradition and preconception, and ready to alter their plans for the better even if a proposal like the abolition of the submarine was not on the agenda when the curtain rose. I shudder to think what would happen if the thought should suddenly come to people here that there exists a simple way to end all the rivalries of naval experts, to satisfy the pride of all the countries big and small, to end the dread of France for Germany at sea or anybody else, and to put all the nations on an absolute equality. It is—hold your breath now!—the simple device of abolishing all navies. If you just did that you could forget all about ratios, for you would give everybody a square deal, the ratio for all would be 0-0-0-0-0-0-0 and each nation could employ Professor Einstein to work out a special theory of relativity. I guarantee he could prove to every one's satisfaction that each 0 really represented the potential naval power, past or future, of each country.

Alas, this simple remedy will not be tried here because it is so simple and because the experts have five hundred reasons to prove that the people would really not stand for it—the last refuge—or that it is all some pacifist tomfoolery not worthy of attention. If you should happen to remind them that an American President once did this and that we lived in peace for decades after he pulled all the ships of our navy up on the beach—but don't try it. The expert's dignity is not to be trifled with, even if you should suggest to him that the American patriot who did that in the days when we were poor and weak and forlorn was a chap by the name of—well, every schoolboy knows it, of course.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shantung and the Conference

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, December 23

I KNOW of nothing that better illustrates the intangibles that complicate Far Eastern questions than the Shantung controversy, on which the Conference is now at stalemate on its purely political side.

To most Americans the Shantung controversy must seem to have degenerated into an undignified quibble, with obduracy on both sides as the only obstacle to settlement. For three weeks negotiations have been under way. Almost daily it has been given out that they were progressing. Agreement has been reached on this point and that. The Japanese have made one concession after another. Now there is left only the question of this one railway, a line running through a small portion of the province.

The Japanese are willing to return the railway to the Chinese for a monetary consideration. There is no dispute over the price. There is dispute only over the time for payment and the right of the Japanese to representation in the management of the railway, a right the Chinese have conceded to nationals of other countries having interests in Chinese railways. This the Chinese refuse to Japan. Instead, they offer an outright purchase for cash, whereupon the Japanese retort that they are willing to accept cash but insist on representation in the management of the railway—to guarantee efficiency on a line on which they depend for transportation of their products, they explain. This the Chinese refuse, and the whole issue is narrowed to whether there shall be on the railway a Japanese associate chief traffic manager, associate chief accountant, and associate chief engineer. On such an issue the negotiations are deadlocked and the Conference even may be wrecked, for on it the Chinese may have to withdraw entirely.

It seems a ridiculously small issue to have consequences so great and the Chinese may seem unreasonable in forcing it to such consequences. The Chinese are to get back their lost province, what they call their sacred soil. The Japanese are offering to quit it entirely, though they may plead the law is on their side in remaining, by virtue of the Versailles treaty, to which the majority of the Powers are signatories. And though they thus come nine-tenths of the way to reconciliation, the Chinese refuse to come the other tenth to meet them.

Appearances may be against the Chinese. But there are the intangibles. For instance, the Japanese are asking on the Shantung Railway only what the British have on the Tientsin-Pukow Railway and Shanghai-Nanking Railway, namely, supervisory executives to insure efficient operation and thereby protect foreign investors. The analogy is not wholly valid, since both those railways were built with British capital (and some German capital, to be accurate) while the Shantung Railway would be paid for forthwith. But waiving this, or even assuming that the Chinese require ten or twenty years for payment, the Chinese have still justification for drawing a distinction.

To an American business man shipping freight on the Tientsin-Pukow Railway, or to a Frenchman or a Russian, it is quite immaterial that the traffic manager is British. To an American or French or Russian shipper it is equally immaterial that the Shanghai-Nanking Railway is under British mortgage and British management. In neither case does the American or Frenchman or Russian suffer unfavorable discrimination by reason of the British element in the management. In neither case does a British business man get any advantage thereby. From the point of view of equitable operation of the railways as between various nationalities, one might never be aware that there were British interests in them. Nor does the British Empire profit politically thereby. In short, the British executives do not construe their positions as an opportunity or obligation to serve any nationalistic interests. They are there solely to protect the rights of the investors.

Now—waiving the question of the moral right of Japan to be in Shantung at all—if there were any basis for the assumption that a Japanese share in the management of the Shantung Railway would mean only what the British share means in the control of the two railways I have cited, one might say the Chinese were unreasonable in their uncompromising stand.

But there is no ground for assumption that the Japanese would follow the British example. All experience is exactly to the contrary. There is the South Manchuria Railway, for example, of which I wrote last week. There Japanese control has meant Japanese political penetration throughout the whole region; it has meant the forcing out of British, American, and other traders; it has meant discrimination and loss even to Chinese. From general manager to ticket collectors, every employee is a national agent, construing his position as a duty to enforce discrimination against all that are not Japanese.

The Shantung Railway itself is exclusive evidence. Since the eviction of the Germans it has been used as a political and economic weapon by the Japanese Government; it has been an arm of the Japanese militarists. For three successive years the British chambers of commerce in China have sent united protests to their Government against discriminations suffered by British business men in China by the Japanese occupation of Tsingtao and control of the railway. It is the old story in the Far East: where the Japanese come, others must go.

I think it must be clear to everybody that the Japanese may withdraw from Shantung and restore full sovereignty to China, and the province still remain Japanese if the Japanese hold the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway. For in an undeveloped country who holds communications holds the country. In the light of the foregoing explanation it must also be clear that the Japanese may return the right of ownership in the railway to the Chinese, and the railway still remain Japanese so long as the Japanese retain the decisive voice in its management. And Shantung will still be a Japanese thorn in China's flesh and an obstacle to the peace of the Far East. The Shantung question resolves itself into the question of the railway, and the railway into the question of its management. The Chinese cannot yield on that, and there is no compromise.

One comes back always to the matter of confidence, of faith in the Japanese. They may be never so sincere now and never so desirous of doing the fair thing in Shantung; but confidence cannot be built up in a day or on a promise, nor can distrust based on experience be undone in a day or by a promise. That intangible moral barrier stands between Japan and China on other issues than this, and will remain until Japan has given proof in works of a change of heart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Diary of Sir Roger Casement[1]

CHAPTER VI

Berlin, 12 December, 1914

I WENT to Foreign Office at 1:30 yesterday and saw von Wedel. We agreed first that I should proceed as *I* thought best about Christiania. He had forwarded my letter from Limburg to Adler through the post, telling the police to allow it to go through in the ordinary way. . . .

Wedel read me a telegram that he had received from von Bernstorff saying, first, that ——— said a trusty messenger *had* reached Ireland at the end of November; second, that the Declaration of the German Government had "produced an excellent impression"; and, third, that ——— advised I should make no public statement about Christiania until I had clear proof.

Today Blücher came to lunch at 1, after Schiemann had come with many Gaelic-Americans and Meyer. Blücher is quite impossible. He has arranged for me to meet the "Minister of Colonies" (I put it in quotation marks because German colonies today are mainly British possessions, or Japanese, or French) tonight at 6. I was to have met Erzberger, an influential Reichstag Deputy, tomorrow, but as I refused to discuss the Irish brigade with Blücher—having no liberty to do so—he got very "huffy" and talked angry nonsense and altogether behaved as I expected. Blücher's interest is solely in himself and his chances of besting his unscrupulous old father, the Prince, and getting control of the palace and estates while the father is interned at Herm. He has quite dropped the Christiania business—finding it is not popular at the Foreign Office—and wants now to find some fresh means of exploiting me or my presence in Berlin for his own personal ends. His interest in Ireland is *nil.*

Today, however, he let several cats out of the bag. First and biggest was that Jagow had "sent for him"—and they had discussed me and the Irish matter. I was not to hope for any full declaration of German policy about Ireland—*that* was the angry cat escaped from the bag of wounded vanity when I declined to discuss all my business with him. Jagow had told him this. They (the German Government) were not going to "make themselves ridiculous" and say things they had no intention of carrying out or attempting.

I knew this all along, or guessed it, but I am glad to have it straight and clear. There is a confirmation of it (to some extent) in the *Times* of 4 December which I found in the hotel yesterday—a long telegram from New York giving the gist of some "extraordinary conditions of peace" posed by Dr. Dernburg in an interview with an American newspaper. The ninth of Dernburg's possible German conditions of peace is as follows:

"All small nations, *such as Finland, Poland, and the Boers of South Africa,* if they support Germany, must have the right to frame their own destinies, while Egypt is to be returned, if she desires it, to Turkey." . . .

When, today, at lunch here I said to Blücher that if neither the Chancellor nor von Jagow cared to receive me I thought my right course would be to leave Germany he was already furious at my refusal to unfold *all* my plans to him and said that this was "only vanity on my part." I passed over the silly rudeness—because I do not choose to quarrel with him—and said that I was entitled to the assurance of the highest quarter, and that if I did not get it I should seriously reconsider my whole position and attitude toward Germany and might find it my duty to leave the country.

In my heart I am *very* sorry I came! I do not think the German Government has any soul for great enterprises—it lacks the divine spark of imagination that has ennobled British piracy. The seas *may* be freed by these people—but I doubt it. They will do it in their sleep—and without intending to achieve anything so great. England *enslaved* the seas of set design and far-seeing purpose and has held them in subjection with a resolute and unscrupulous will beyond all praise in themselves. These people, whose supreme interest it should be to have complete freedom and equality at sea, will not take the necessary steps in the direction needed beyond mere shipbuilding. That is an essential; but other things, too, are needed to free the seas besides ships—just as other things are needed to hold them. England supplies all the necessaries—ships *and* brains; Germany thinks to do it by ships alone and without brains and resolute, far-seeing purpose. A fixed, unchanging Irish policy is essential to freedom at sea of every Power competing with England. That is the first rule to master.

13 December

After Blücher left me at 3 yesterday (very angry) I talked to Countess Hahn.

Meantime it is confirmed absolutely that the Foreign Office have appointed Sir H. Howard as Minister to the Vatican! The Pope has accepted—as of course was certain. And where *now* is the pretense of Irish loyalty? This is really the most convincing proof of the far-reaching character of my *coup.* I have actually forced them to a step hateful "to every good Englishman" and to reverse the Reformation! It is an unprecedented step—and if the German Government had *brains* they would see how deep they had already struck. . . .

At 6 I went with Blücher to call on Dr. Solf, the Minister of the German Colonies. Found him (after a long wait) a fine type. Once Governor of Samoa. Knew Nigeria too. Very charming; great big, strong, good man. I told him they would *have* to knock England out—there was nothing for it but that—and they must use all their brains and intelligence for that. He agreed—and confessed their brains diplomatically were inferior to the English and that they were not trained to cope with English statesmen, "pirates in evening dress." (I had called them "very charming men, hereditary pirates of long descent"—and he had laughed approval and said: "Yes, I see; pirates in evening dress.")

I got a better impression of the German official world from Solf than from any of them. He confessed too that they had *all* been deceived by English "nice manners" and "hearty hospitality" and cited his own reception in Nigeria many years ago; and the speeches of good will and "cousinship" exchanged—or professed rather by the British officials. I assured him that was all part of the game—and said it would have paid Germany well to have engaged a few Irishmen as guides to the British character in inter-

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Charles E. Curry. All rights reserved. The first instalment appeared in *The Nation* of November 30.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national affairs! An Irish Imperial Chancellor would not have let John Bull wall up the German Michel as we now see him. . . .

Solf said that the declaration about Ireland was "an entirely new departure in German foreign policy—that until that statement was issued Germany had never said or done anything that implied a desire even to meddle in the "internal affairs of another country." It is a new departure indeed. It was followed, as he admitted, by his own declaration about South Africa—inspired, Blücher says, by my old friend Dr. Leyds, who is living at the Hague. Leyds had been so struck by the Irish declaration he got Solf to issue the statement that appeared recently in the press defining Germany's wishes and intentions toward the South African Union.

Dr. Solf said to me, "Why did Ireland never approach Germany before?" And I laughed and said, "Why did you, in your own interests, never think of Ireland or seek first-hand information as to the state of feeling in Ireland? You should have had an Irish policy as part of your plan of defense against English aggression." He agreed entirely—and we parted the very best of friends.

14 December

This morning's news, too, is interesting. King George of England gave an interview to the new Extraordinary Envoy to the Vatican, Sir H. Howard, and the latter takes with him my friend J. D. Gregory as his secretary! Ghosts of the Putumayo Indians! How strange it all is! Gregory, who collaborated with me in the Foreign Office to get the Franciscan Mission sent out by the Vatican and who was first in belauding me at Rome and in London, now goes to Rome to aid in belaboring me and in enslaving Ireland. English rule is assuredly the masterpiece of dissimulation of the world. I await with amusement the forthcoming comments of the English world on my "treason"—but Oh, *God save Ireland!*

16 December

Adler returned last night at 7. I went to the Continental about my trunk and while there in he came. He had come in response to my wire of Friday last, but had not received my letter from Limburg sent through von Wedel.

He reports Findlay in a state of abnormal excitement over my (reported) doings. Adler talked vaguely, he says, of the "Secret Society" in U. S. A., of its widespread organization, of the wealthy accessions to its ranks of late since the war, of the rich Irish-American with his big steam yacht ready; of my commission to him, Adler, to charter *two* sailing yachts in Norway to meet me on the coast of Schleswig at an early date; of my complete system of intelligence, how I got word "from Ireland three hours after anything happened there"; how I had agents "in the Navy itself," and how I was certainly going to get into Ireland with the American contingent in the yacht at an early date—probably, he said, I intended the Norwegian chartered boats for transshipment "at sea." Findlay, he says, asked him if it was Armour's yacht I had got! So they think Armour is a Fenian too! I am to hear more today. I told Adler to stay at the Continental last night and I'd send for him today. He says that if I go to Norway Findlay will "go bughouse" (an American euphemism, I believe, for "going off his chump"). I may *have* to go to Norway before long—in any case. We shall see. . . .

17 December

Adler spent most of the day with me here in this hotel and told me of his plots with Findlay. Findlay admitted I was "a gentleman." "He is a gentleman," he said, "but a very clever dangerous son of a b——." And I must be caught—and my dear Foreign Office will pay £10,000 to Adler if he can get me over to their hands!

It is a pity I have no copy of my "friend" Conan Doyle's letter referred to in the *Daily Chronicle*, wherein my mental malady is diagnosed! What strange people the English are! When I served them I was a "hero"—the "most chivalrous public servant in the service of the Empire," etc., etc. Now that I dare to cut myself off from them and to do a far braver thing and surely a more chivalrous one I am at "the most charitable view" a lunatic—and in any case "a rampant traitor." I like that; as if I ever owed any loyalty to that cowardly, cringing bully, the British Empire!

[*To be continued*]

Eire

By SIR ROGER CASEMENT

THE NATION *has received from a Canadian woman some verses inscribed in her album in 1907 by Sir Roger Casement. The sender of the verses writes:*

Some years ago, before I came to Canada, I knew Sir Roger well, staying upon several occasions in the North of Ireland with relations of his when he was visiting them at the same time. Sir Roger was in those days looked upon more as a dreamer and a poet than anything else. He was exceedingly picturesque, his real gray-blue Irish eyes, thick dark hair and beard, and tall, manly figure always attracting attention, and his charm of manner winning him many friends. The last time I met him was the spring of 1907, in the little village in one of the glens of Antrim, made famous by Moira O'Neill's lovely verses. The beautiful old garden looked over the bay toward

> . . . "the darklin' caves,
> Where the breakin' summer waves
> Wandher in wi' their trouble from the sea."

The accompanying verses Sir Roger wrote for me in an album which I still possess, and which he signed with his name, upon that last occasion of our meeting. How little we thought of the tragedy that was coming to him then! He was something of a "lady killer" in those days, and well knew how to fascinate the opposite sex; in fact, he was more popular with women than men, for his own relations were apt to laugh at the poses of "Roger David" as he was called.

And those who say you have not strength to be
  For ever long to one stern purpose wed,
Have they not seen the deep, unwearied sea
  Shift to light winds yet ever more keep free
The solemn stillness of his primal bed?

So, Eire, in thy soul deeps there is room
  For sunny tides to greet the land they bore,
And die in laughter, though their birth be gloom—
  Yet through them all we still may hear the boom
Of unsung seas upon an unsung shore.

There shall he stand "the dark, untutored" Celt
  Giving to all men what his faith hath won—
Then shall be seen in fact what now is felt
  Only by few whose minds in magic melt
Like mists invaded by an unseen sun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As to Egypt

By ANNE HERENDEEN

EGYPT (Winter, 1921)—a combination cotton field and truck garden laid out like the backstair carpet. Alexandria—and her prodigious harbor, where the Japanese polka dot runs a surprisingly close second to the Union Jack. A Detroitish-looking city where the ladies of the upper classes are much enhanced by the thin white veil which begins below the eyes and floats over the chest, moored around the ears by (*dernier cri*) a thin gold chain. It is thought offensively suggestive to hide the ears and impossibly indelicate to reveal the hair or the nape of the neck. Legs are of no interest one way or the other.

Ladies of the lower classes wear the open-work black veil starting below the eyes, which makes it impossible to distinguish your fiancée from her unpleasant aunt. This chronic disguise has its advantages. An adventuress can slip into a house, commit a murder, and slip out as she came, her identity lost in a minute among the passersby. The identification of women offenders thus becomes a fine art. An Egyptian municipal judge assured me: "Justice recognizes women criminals by their voices."

From "Alex" one travels luxuriously up along the Nile in deep Union League Club upholstery over new steel ties through a country exactly like a rich chocolate cake with heavy frosting. The Nile loam is the chocolate and the cotton supplies the frosting. Likewise the fellaheen, the tireless myriad producers of Egypt's wealth, are chocolate and the European tourists frosting. One travels through countless little mud towns, the backwalls of which form a circular wall on top of which gaunt, suspicious dogs do sentry duty. One watches camels or buffalo or donkeys or women going their deliberate, burden-bearing way, always in single file and often—like the friezes—profiled against the sky and spaced, exquisitely, between huge date palms.

Cairo—and students in their national nightgown costume chasing and boarding street cars, books under one arm, the other clutching up the nightie—for it is long, nearly to the ground. Brick masons skipping up and down ladders strengthening the walls of a perfectly modern trust building, one hand balancing the hod, the other grasping the ladder and their long skirts. British Egyptophiles say, however, that the nightie is more beautiful, hygienic, and suited to the climate than the pants and vests thrust upon the sons of the Ptolemies by missionaries and Oxford culture.

Shepherd's, perhaps the only hotel in which British Solid Comfort has legally married Oriental Splendor. Shepherd's, where everything is found, from buttermilk to absinthe, from *The Nation* to *La Vie Parisienne;* and where everything is lost, among the Persian cushions of the Arabian divans—incense, music, wives.

"That's not a hotel," said an American destroyer commander of Shepherd's, "it's a pipe dream."

"The family said I had eith r to give up racing," said a gilded British younger son, "or living at Shepherd's. I gave up racing."

Apparently all Egyptians, like all Turks, of character, ability, and education, are ardent Nationalists, with the old slogan "Egypt for the Egyptians," softened by the tactful new postscript "And the English for friends." On the occasion of the anniversary of Egypt's first formal gesture of independence several hundred Nationalists banqueted at noon at Shepherd's, in flawless frock coats and pearl scarfpins, topped by the red fez. They are very rich, many of these Nationalist leaders. Something like 1/260th of Egypt's population owns half of her land while two-thirds of the population own less than an acre apiece—and it takes three acres at least to support a family. I thought the impeccable leaders on Shepherd's veranda viewed the parade of their followers with a disquieted eye. It was a parade of highly combustible human material, with something bolshevist about it. But then, all leaders these days have a tired, haunted look. They have to hurry so.

The Nationalist leaders meet and banquet and resolve, and their resolutions, denatured by the censor, appear in the public prints and inspire their followers to further parades and the breaking of a few windows every Friday; the British "advisory" officials round up now and again a few score of the too enthusiastic and convict half the number of "unlawful activities" and distribute long prison terms and a suitable number of "lashes"; the Sultan mysteriously receives the British equivalent of $3,000,000, which he distributes in renovating his yacht and his palaces and in making a number of amiable courtiers happier; the Sultana gets a new Paris frock, all over sequins and rather trying, for $50,000; the fellaheen, who prospered during the armistice and were emboldened to rent three or four extra acres of land from the big landlords, are fairly caught with the terrific slump of cotton prices and must work their chocolate fingers to the bone for enough to keep them and their babies out of the shallow coffinless graves over there in the desert, forninst the pyramids; the Egyptian landlords' sons sit all day in the cafes plowing up their nerves with coffee and smoothing them down again with their amber conversation beads. And above and over all towers the Citadel, once Mohammed Ali's pride and joy, now very very quiet, guarded (apparently) by a single British sentry but stocked with enough ordnance, any Englishman will tell you, to "blow the whole of Cairo to pieces in ten minutes *if necessary.*"

Are these smiling-eyed, soft-voiced Bedouins, these keen, alert, well-disposed young Egyptian business men and students, part and parcel of those terrible "natives" who, in response to Zaghlul Pasha's exile, held up a train and killed a dozen British officers, leaving the bodies, cut in pieces, to travel on down to Cairo in their first-class coaches? Well, yes, they are. People will do strange things for what they call freedom. Moreover the Egyptians have an embarrassing way of hailing all Americans as elder brothers owing to our little affair of '76, which they, with their history behind them, regard as a comparatively recent event.

Down at Damietta, where the Nile slips into the sea when it wants to avoid Alexandria, the most important citizen is a little old man with a small, pale, inscrutable face. He knows everything and is everywhere. When he passes, in his pale blue silk robes, lesser people, and everyone is lesser, touch their heads and their hearts with awed respect and tell you in a whisper: "He owns a thousand acres of land and they are worth a thousand of your dollars an acre." His son divides his time between Nationalism and gardening, and I thought the little blue-silk father seemed content that he had taken to such innocent pastimes. The Egyptian feudal tradition has nothing to fear from Nationalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Week-ending with an exceedingly friendly, prosperous young Egyptian lawyer left me with a hot lump in my heart. He urged, he begged me to be his guest in his native town; to tell him about America (he had never been out of Egypt); to hear him plead a difficult case in an Egyptian court; to see his house ("it is the best in town," he said); to listen to his plan for the improvement of his city and the enlightenment of the fellaheen. I was flattered; I yielded. His yacht met me to take me across the river, his Arab servant insisted upon carrying even my powder box. "Guess which is my house," exclaimed our host, beaming with excitement. Very adroitly I guessed the biggest. "That is right," he commented and told me the price, and all about the view up and down the Nile from the upper windows. Then we walked toward the house and past it! "This is our best hotel," said our host. "I have chartered it all for you. It will be as your own home."

My host's program for that week-end began with a dinner at the hotel to which were invited the Governor General, the Judge, the leading Nationalist, the leading business man, and the leading dilettante. No women present except myself, and no woman mentioned, though the air thickened now and again with innuendo between the guests and the gay old French proprietress who hovered near. And during the next two days as we tore up and down that little town in a motor-car and walked in this one's garden and that one's factory, or talked with my host's little sons on the street, I was conscious all the time of eyes watching me from behind those upper latticed windows. Sometimes I could see them plainly, but if I looked hard they moved back into the shadow. Our host was so generous, so considerate, that I could not ask the one thing he would have refused me—to meet his wife. It would have been exceedingly bad taste for me even to inquire for her. The younger Mohammedans have but one of the four wives the Prophet allows, at least at a time. Divorce, however, is easy and very frequent. Those eyes haunted me and spoiled the party. What must those hidden women think of me, this bare-faced, talkative hussy riding around in the glaring Egyptian sun with their husband? Weren't their hearts bursting with curiosity, with envy, with rancor? Later in Constantinople I asked just this question of Madame Sefa Bey, the beautiful and emancipated wife of Turkey's foreign minister. "Certainly those women were unhappy," she said very soberly. "Once they would not have minded—at least our mothers and grandmothers *say* they didn't mind—who knows?—but now, I promise you, there were tears and scenes waiting for your host every night when he came home." I felt deeply apologetic. I wanted to explain to them. And aside from one's natural feministic reactions to the injustice of the arrangement, one misses women so if one is constantly with men. One gets lonely for them, the nice, sensitive, subtle things.

Thus it happened that I, a scarred war-broncho of a feminist, couldn't go off my head about Egyptian Nationalism. They haven't discovered their greatest national asset yet, those brilliant young patriots. Hundreds of homeless children swarm the streets of Cairo; ophthalmia is an unforgivable scandal (the mothers firmly believe that a certain amount of discharge and dirt around a child's eyes *prevents* disease); "three sound eyes to every two persons," I was told. The less mentionable diseases flourish; and statistics show that only 8 per cent of the men are literate and less than 1 per cent of the women. I agree with the British that these things aren't their affair. They are the affair of those hidden women with the watching eyes. But as long as these things seem less important to Egyptian Nationalists than keeping the gaze of the world from a problematically pretty wife, they and their desires leave me tepid.

In the Driftway

SENATOR McCUMBER, of North Dakota, thinks this anti-child labor agitation is all nonsense. "Work is what they need," says he. "If a child does not work until he is sixteen, he never will learn to work." The Drifter is not so sure that the work he did before he was sixteen has very much to do with his present capacity or incapacity for work. He will agree that if he had not learned to drift before sixteen he might never have seen Tangier or Rio, or even appreciated old St. John's, but his experiences as a laborer had very little to do with learning to work. To be sure, they were rather desultory experiences. There was the summer when, thrilled by an ambition to become a scientific agriculturist, he hired out to a friendly farmer, who started him at five dollars a month, and after a fortnight's experience announced that he was not worth it but could stay on for his board and laundry. There was the Christmas vacation when he worked in Mr. Edwards's bookstore, and the joyful summer week when he earned real money for standing behind the counter in Mr. Stover's drug store and soda fountain. But chiefly, of course, there were odd newspaper jobs. The Drifter's father had a curious conviction that there were few enough jobs for small boys in the town and that the Drifter ought not to squeeze out some less fortunate young man whose father really needed help. So the Drifter never attained his youthful ambition of being a real paper-boy. But in one spring of ornithological enthusiasm he carried half of Sid Leete's route for a month. Every afternoon he trotted downtown with Sid and waited, busily reading, in Edwards's bookstore while Sid dived into the subterranean recesses of the newspaper office to get his *Timeses*. Then they divided the papers, and met again at the end of the route, out by the canal locks, to hunt warblers in the Dingle. And there was the grand old game on election day, when you got the job of running returns from your precinct for all the papers, and told each how you had beaten the boys hired by the others.

* * * * *

YET the Drifter cannot discover any profound influence upon his later industry that he can trace to these early experiences. Nor, as he recalls his schoolmates who had to quit school to help support the family, can he believe that boy labor helped them. His pal Charles Wander is a chauffeur and Tony Van Zandt a postman—both had as much brains as the Drifter, but economic determinism cut their development short. But he doubts if he could convince Senator McCumber. Indeed, he suspects that the task of convincing some of these Senators that child labor is not God-ordained would be something like General Desaix's attempt to convert a desert prophet. General Desaix, Anatole France reports, had the dervish brought to him, and announced: "Venerable old man, the French are come to bring justice and liberty." "I knew they would come," the dervish replied. "How?" "By an eclipse of the sun." "What has that to do with the movements of armies?" "Eclipses happen when the Angel Gabriel hides the sun to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forewarn the believers of coming evils." Whereupon the general took pencil and paper and demonstrated the causation of eclipses by sun, moon, and earth. The dervish mumbled a few words; the general asked the interpreter what he had said. "He said," the interpreter replied, "that the Angel Gabriel causes eclipses." And the general, crying "He is a fanatic," kicked the dervish out of his tent. Which, after all, was about as sensible as arguing some things with some Senators.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has read with great satisfaction of the appointment of Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard to the Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth professorship of American history at Oxford University, newly endowed in memory of Viscount Rothmere's son, one of the victims of the World War. The Drifter recalls the thrill of surprise he experienced some years ago when he unexpectedly entered a Harvard classroom to listen to a new lecturer, only to find a tall, fine-looking youth holding forth to a large class in American history, not in the usual plodding, dry-as-dust manner of an historical laboratory, but with a vividness, power, and charm that bespoke at once unusual mastery of the subject, ability, and character. Rarely, the Drifter opines, is there such a happy conjunction of place and man as occurs now with Mr. Morison's call to Oxford. He has been abroad much, and served most usefully at the Paris Peace Conference, resigning finally in protest against the betrayal of our ideals; and he goes just as his remarkable new book, "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," has won him fresh honors. Beyond question here is a fine type of unofficial ambassador of good-will and friendship, who by his interpretation of American history to Englishmen from a sound American point of view is certain to serve both countries usefully and well in the years to come—years which should not, the Drifter thinks, prevent his pen from recording other phases of our national development besides those which his pen has already illumined.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

For a Federal Wheat Pool

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 21 you set forth very clearly the serious plight of the American grain farmer. You discuss four proposed remedies. You specifically condemn the plan proposed by Mr. Townley for the revival of the war-time Grain Corporation and the federal pooling of wheat through that corporation, with a fixed minimum price to farmers in 1922 and perhaps in 1923. That remedy appeals to me as the only adequate one in this emergency. New South Wales has successfully operated a government grain pool since the war, without any of the disastrous results which you predict in this country should a government pool of this kind be tried here. The Canadian post-war government grain pool for the 1919 crop was a big success, and was abandoned on subsequent crops only because part of the farmers foolishly thought they could at once create a cooperative pool which would take the place of the Government's. At that, when deflation set in, Canada's farmers were let down easier than our farmers were, due to that 1919 Canadian government pool.

The revival of the Grain Corporation in this country should, of course, be accompanied with power, through impartial boards, to fix handlers', middlemen's, and millers' costs and profits, as in the war. Idle government ships should be used to transport the surplus grain abroad at cost. Cut out speculation and its huge toll. The vast savings from these things alone would enable the Government to obtain a price for farmers far above the price they otherwise would get. In fact, I believe a living price could be paid farmers for the 1922 crop simply by accomplishing these savings, without depending on the government pool having any influence in raising the world price.

You cannot fix a price, even if you go as high as $5 a bushel, that will bring cost of production to *all* who raise grain. But you can fix a price that will bring cost to, say, 75 per cent of those who raise grain. Let the government Grain Corporation buy all the wheat at this price, fixed by experts. Let the grower be paid at once, in cash, say, 90 per cent of the fixed price, and give him a receipt entitling him to a dividend per bushel over and above the 90 per cent, if the Government can sell for more—dividends to be paid at the close of the crop year. The Canadian government-pool dividend in 1919 was 48 cents a bushel on this plan.

Minneapolis, December 19 OLIVER S. MORRIS

An Invitation from Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Supreme Council of National Economy of Soviet Russia, which is the department of industry of the Russian Republic, has appointed as its representative in the United States Mr. A. A. Heller, formerly director of the Commercial Department of the Russian Soviet Government Bureau in New York. Mr. Heller is authorized by the Supreme Council to represent it in all matters in the United States, and especially in connection with organization of groups of workers and technicians to take part in the economic reconstruction of Russia.

Following the line of the new economic policy of the Soviet Government, the Supreme Council of National Economy is inviting organized groups of workers, agricultural and industrial cooperatives, partnerships, groups, etc., to come to Soviet Russia for the purpose of leasing or taking on concession industrial establishments, factories, mills, agricultural colonies, etc., in accordance with recent decrees of the Soviet Government. The Supreme Council of National Economy also invites engineers, skilled mechanics, electricians, miners, builders, and trained men in all branches of industry, to come and take part in the building up of the economic life of Russia. For the development of Russian agriculture it invites also farmers—especially organized agricultural colonies—to come and introduce modern methods of agricultural and machine farming in Soviet Russia.

While technicians and skilled men are thus invited to Russia to undertake specific tasks, it must be understood that this does not imply at this time an opening of the Russian border to general immigration. On the contrary, the Russian border remains closed to general immigration until further notice, and only those who come under the head "industrial immigration" will be admitted.

The representative of the Supreme Council of National Economy in the United States will work through the Society for Technical Aid to Soviet Russia in United States and Canada, Room 303, 110 West 40th Street, New York, to whom all inquiries and correspondence should be addressed.

New York, December 19 A. A. HELLER,
Representative of the Supreme Council of National Economy of R. S. F. S. R.

That Intriguing Poetry Prize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can't agree with Herbert J. Seligmann. Might want the $100 myself; and in any event the judges should have all the help that can possibly be given to them.

Williamsport, Pa., December 24 O. R. HOWARD THOMSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Free Is Ireland?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article The Free State of Ireland is typical of the articles with which the press of America and for that matter the press of the world is deluged. I quote from your opening line: "It seems incredible, unbelievable, a myth conjured up by age-long desire." "Incredible" it is in truth for it has no foundation in fact. "Unbelievable" it is because it is not true. "A myth conjured up" not by "age-long desire" but conceived by the fevered pilot of a battered and water-logged ship of Empire.

True the English army of occupation will be withdrawn, but then we shall have the "protection" of her battle fleet. There may be those who see a difference between a garrison of 2,000 men in the city of Cork and a battleship with a crew of 2,500 men in the Cove, but to the writer, a soldier, there is none. As a matter of fact, the advantage will lie with the battleship. Her crew will be safe from defensive fire from the shore. England, when she desires to kill the Irish in future, will be able to stand off the coast in safety.

Then again the Irish people, by admitting England's right to control the waters surrounding their country, can never hope to compete with England commercially. England will have the power at any time to cripple Ireland's sea-borne trade within twenty-four hours. We have abundant proof in history that she will do so. It is only a matter of days since she has been pleased to raise the blockade of Cove and other Irish ports. American ships are now free to enter and trade with the people of Cork. Are the American people aware that England would not allow American shipping to enter Irish harbors? Was it not for similar offenses against international law and usage that the United States of America declared war on Imperial Germany? The Irish see no difference between the action of autocratic Germany and Imperial England. They do see a difference in the action of the United States of America in the two cases. And they wonder why?

Newark, N. J., December 19 R. MONTEITH

Economy—For What?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A curious fallacy connected with the Washington Arms Conference has escaped attention. One of the most moving arguments advanced for reduction of arms is the saving it will be for taxpayers. An era of general material welfare is anticipated, and in this rosy expectation the most fundamental and widely known economic fact is forgotten. For a moment, the transition moment, while economic law is getting its new equilibrium, the people may benefit a trifle. Then the great forces under, over, and behind humanity will operate in accordance with their correct behavior throughout the ages. The owners of industry, commerce, and finance will increase their rightful tolls on the whole product of American effort, and leave the general public in the same economic condition they did not enjoy before the beneficent saving on armaments was achieved by Mr. Hughes and his coadjutors. The amount saved will persist as a permanent tax on the people at large in an altered form. It will be a tax to provide increased luxuries for the wealthy class instead of battleships and cognate war utensils; the tax will be levied by field marshals of industry, capitalists, and financiers, in place of the government. Its effect will be to expedite the national decay caused by the corruption of excessive luxury.

Were our army and navy wholly scrapped all the machinery for the production of our imposing poverty, ignorance, disease, and world-surpassing royal splendor in spots would remain intact, eloquently proving the brilliant revelation of the New York *Times* that "the poor get most when the rich have most."

Boston, December 18 MORRISON I. SWIFT

Birth Control and the Masses

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 14 John M. Work condemns birth control as degenerating and advocates continence in its place as a means of lifting the standard of the human race. If the masses who are slopping over (to employ a Wells expression) their undesired offspring upon a world already unable to cope with the problem of poverty and deterioration were intelligent enough to practice continence there would be no need of birth control. But it is the class which is most injured by an irresponsible birth-rate to which continence is impossible. This form of self-control depends primarily on the men. John Stuart Mill states that the swarming spawn of the working class is forced mostly upon unwilling and fear-ridden mothers. They breed in terror and repugnance because of the power the man has over them; and he has cemented this power by law. Every State in the Union makes it legal cause for divorce for a wife to refuse the attentions of her husband, no matter how unwelcome they may be, with a few small provisos. In other words, she can claim his support only on the condition that she submit to his will, no matter how many children she may already have. It is mockery to speak of continence in connection with an ignorant man who lives only in his appetites. And it is not easy, nay, it is practically impossible, for a woman to leave her family and home to avoid adding to a burden that is already an injury to herself and society. Until we can adjust social relations so that all can have leisure and opportunity for education, intelligent recreation, proper food, rest, and refined pleasures, birth control, or the knowledge of how to do away with the evil results of ignorance, which the rich have advantage of, is the only solution of the congestion and suffering of poverty.

Brooklyn, December 14 IDA CROUCH-HAZLETT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry to see a clergyman of high station in his church, like Dean Inge, standing up for the sinful practice of birth control. We are all agreed that murder is sin, and grievous sin, and a breaking of one of the Ten Commandments. Is not the life of the unborn child as valuable and as sacred as that of an adult? Perhaps it is more valuable, for instance, in some cases where that adult is leading a worthless life. In the eyes of God therefore birth prevention must be as heinous a crime as wilful murder. How any Christian minister can teach as Dean Inge teaches is a thing hard to understand. The Bible shows how God detested the sin of Onan and details the punishment meted out to him.

Is Dean Inge preaching the Bible or the Veddas? Certainly his teachings are not Christianity.

Toronto, Canada, December 15 JOHN T. MCDONALD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Archbishop Hayes, in his commendable attack upon those responsible for the birth-control movement, deserves the praise of every patriotic citizen. Let no one think me opposed to the idea of birth control *per se*. I am certain that even the godly archbishop will agree with me that the regulation of births among the wealthier members of his church is vital to their welfare. Apart from the fact that child-bearing is at best a nuisance to these worthy people, an overfructification, necessitating a greater distribution, would soon impoverish them. This must not come to pass.

But I am opposed to birth control among the poor. I believe it imperative to the stability and welfare of society that there should be a large excess of impecunious people; only in proportion to their great number is it possible to keep their wages down and general prosperity up.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 10 C. A. MADISON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

The Roving Critic

FELIX FAY, continued from "Moon-Calf" in "The Briary-Bush" (Knopf), couldn't remain a child. When he had escaped his original villages and had taken to the wider pursuit of freedom in Chicago obviously there was another chapter of his career to be recorded. And it is, of course, obviously in keeping with his early behavior that he finds nothing much but loneliness at the end of his trail of freedom. From the first, though this moon-calf has been steadily blundering toward detachment from the common order, some aching instinct has kept him hungry for solid ground to stand on. The conflict troubles him. His world whirls round and round, menaces, eludes, threatens to vanish altogether. No wonder that dim forces throw him into the arms of Rose-Ann or that they are married. No wonder, either, that, since Rose-Ann happens to be seeking freedom as restlessly as he, they should undertake a union which is to have no bond except their mutual agreement to be free. Charming slaves of liberty! Felix is, unfortunately, at heart a Puritan and cannot take his world lightly, as it comes; he punishes himself for all his vagaries. Rose-Ann is not a Puritan, but she has instincts which will not surrender, any more than Felix's, to the doctrines which they both profess: jealousy sleeps within her, and potential motherhood. She and Felix come to believe that by their voluntary childlessness they have shirked life and they imagine that life in turn has deserted them. Yet separation proves unendurable. So they resume marriage, vowing "not to be afraid of life or of any of the beautiful things life may bring." Among these, of course, are to be children and a house.

Is this merely a return to their villages, merely domestic sentimentalism in a lovely guise? It is so close that a good many of the wrong readers have been edified. Mr. Dell has, however, really gone a little too deep to deserve that. He has got down very near to the biological foundations of two lives, where, for a moment, he rests his case. Yet he must carry the record further. There is more to come in this spiritual history, whether Felix Fay knows it or not. Let the house be built and the children be born, and Felix and Rose-Ann, though citizens and parents, will still be individuals and will still have to find out whether these complicated threads of loyalty last better than the simple threads which broke. Felix, in discovering the lure of stability, has not exhausted the circle of a life. By and by freedom will allure him again.

So much for the book's general bearings. Taken by itself, it seems to me to hover over the dark waters of the unconscious on the surest, lightest wings an American novel has ever used. Mr. Dell has probed two very difficult natures and knows them thoroughly, but he keeps his knowledge a good deal to himself and brings it in only when it is needed to throw some revealing light upon the outward perplexities of his lovers. You know it is there and you know it gives depth and timbre, but you can still see people actually walking about the world. This does not mean that Floyd Dell has a too vivid sense of externality. In both his novels all facts come through the mist of Felix's habitual confusion, and in that mist they lose dramatic emphasis; muted, they are not able to break up the graceful monotone in which the narrative is delivered. But underneath these surfaces, seen so poetically, there is a great deal of human character. Ancient folkways assert themselves and powerful impulses tug both Felix and Rose-Ann away from their rational moorings. The thing that strikes me most about "The Briary-Bush" is this conflict between the immemorial unconscious and the new rebellion of reason in the protagonists. Nor can praise possibly be withheld from Floyd Dell's steady, sure-handed style, his sensitive insight into a hundred subtle occasions, his seldom-failing vein of lyric beauty touched by canny wisdom.

HOW fiercely D. H. Lawrence broods over the human scene, avid to look through it to undiscovered meanings and exacerbated at finding out that between the perceptive mind and absolute reality there is always a veil, even a hard wall, which no will can break down! In "Sea and Sardinia" (Thomas Seltzer) he reports a journey from Sicily by sea to Sardinia, up that hard, strange island to Terranova, and back to Sicily again by sea and Italy. His keen vigilance never relaxes for one moment, though his journey is something of a vacation. The narrative unrolls in his book like a vivid film, flickering yet flooded with light. He is, of course, haughtily English, contemptuous of the Mediterranean race. He is more than that; a sort of anarchist of art, hating all that is soft and humanitarian, exulting in the evidences he sees of proud isolation among the Sardinian peasants, luxuriating in all the cold, bright beauty he observes. His eyes linger passionately along the texture of the scene, the costumes, the dingy interiors, the rich displays of streets and markets. He describes heaps of vegetables as other men describe mountains of diamonds, sapphires, opals, chalcedony. He is an imagist writing nervous, luminous prose that for once has movement to it, avoiding the concentration upon merely visual images that so often causes eye-strain on the part of those who read him and his fellow-poets. In his marvelous chapbook "Tortoises" (Seltzer) he carries his art farther and to still better ends. He is only watching the tortoises in his garden, the infants of the species cruising about in their old detachment, the adults stretched upon the rack of sex. He might have been enormously absurd, like Erasmus Darwin poetizing the loves of the plants or Canning parodying him in whimpers over the loves of the triangles. But Mr. Lawrence is too intense to be absurd. His ungainly tortoise, driven by the rage of sex to a courtship which makes him more ungainly than ever, becomes a universal symbol of the soul tortured by love out of its primeval independence and sent ranging through space in search of integrity again. "Tortoises" seems to me as powerful a poem as was ever written about animals and nearly as powerful as was ever written about love.

THE newly initiated Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs (Longmans, Green), borrowing the delectable form of the Hispanic Notes and Monographs, have for their third number a valuable little study of "Thomas Hardy: Poet and Novelist" by Samuel C. Chew. Mr. Chew knows his literature as few critics know either literature or their minds; he also knows his mind. Though he seems not to have observed that the chapter on the raw recruits in "The Trumpet-Major" comes originally from Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," as Hardy has admitted, Mr. Chew's scholarship is almost impeccable. He is grounded in bibliography; he plainly possesses even more biographical facts than he cares to use, being a master of discretion where the living are concerned; he carries the Hardy microcosm in his head as if he were an intelligent concordance. In a brief space he packs more trustworthy information about the greatest living English author than can be found anywhere else. Mr. Chew has a reverence for Hardy that leads him to call certain of the saltier poems unworthy of the master. I do not yield to him or to any one else in such reverence, but I cannot share Mr. Chew's distress over Hardy's use of such an episode as The Duel, in which a wife holds the horse of her lover while he kills her husband. Didn't gossip long say that the Countess of Shrewsbury had done some such thing for the Duke of Buckingham? Surely a tale which a whole generation believed—though it was probably not true—Hardy could put into a poem. Mr. Chew's critical comments are admirably judicious. He does the novels justice, and yet he knows that Hardy is a superb poet and that "The Dynasts" is his supreme achievement and the highwater mark of English poetry in this century. What other modern poet has had at once such a Pisgah-sight of Europe and such homely intimacy with his own country?

CARL VAN DOREN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God's Plenty About Melville

Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic. By Raymond M. Weaver. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

IN these days of fulfilment one wishes that some of the prophetic admirers of Melville might be alive. W. Clark Russell deserves to have quoted his most eloquent word of tribute and prophecy. Before the beginning of the present century he wrote of Melville: "Yet a famous man he was in those far days when every sea was bright with the American flag, when the cotton-white canvas shone star-like on the horizon, when the nasal laugh of the jolly Yankee tar in China found its echo in Peru. Famous he was; now he is neglected; yet his name and works will not die. He is a great figure in shadow; but the shadow is not that of oblivion." Whether it comes from a change of taste or from the accident of a centenary of his birth, or whether the disillusioned mood of Melville is consonant with that of our post-war period, Melville's name is no longer one to be coupled conveniently with Dana's but is being inscribed beside those of Poe and Hawthorne, Whitman and Mark Twain. Indeed, we find our Yankee seaman named more often of late with Rabelais, with Swift or Cervantes. A biography of Melville has been overdue for many years; yet it never would have been so timely as now.

Mr. Weaver has done his work with enthusiasm, with ample materials at his command, and with a healthy consciousness of its importance. Here is God's plenty for readers and lovers of Melville. With so much of our author's work existing only in rare copies, thrice welcome are selections here made available. Here are his first published pieces; his fascinating journal kept on his second trip to England (wherein he hails himself as "H. M. author of *Peedee, Hullabaloo,* and *Pog-Dog*"); here are pictures of Melville, of Toby, of Melville's mother, wife, and children; records of the sale of his books, of his lecture engagements, with financial proceeds (very nearly all the money he received in his lifetime is accounted for on one page or another); and best of all, here are documented interpretations of some of his stranger moods and actions. Mr. Weaver shows excellent powers of selection. He quotes well; and the chapters in which Melville has been allowed to tell his own story, through judicious use of excerpts from his autobiographical works, are skilful and satisfying.

Mr. Weaver's scholarly method is revealed most plainly in his account of Melville's ancestry, his story of Pacific exploration, and his short study of whaling and whaling literature. Some readers will find a little too much of this. The first part of the chapter on The Pacific is pretty thick reading, too recondite to be popular, too sketchy to be scholarly. But in the main the method is justified. There is simply too much material in the book for the biographer to bind all up coherently and to draw all conclusions that are warranted. For example, the facts upon which to base an estimate of the extent of Melville's early fame are scattered about in a dozen places, and the estimate is never made. A Freudian explanation of his youthful disillusionment is tentatively suggested on one page, and later statements are based upon it as if it had been fully established.

More time spent in assimilation, a little more ripeness and finish—that is what one might wish for this book. In view of the timeliness already mentioned, perhaps it is graceless to suggest that Mr. Weaver should have made any delay. But a few hours only, spent in revision, would have eliminated faulty writing here and there. Even though a share of blame falls on the printer, there is yet much that cannot be excused. Then Mr. Weaver is a bit strident at times. Surely Stedman's innocent "fancy" that "Two Years Before the Mast" "revived the spirit of adventure in Melville's breast" does not deserve the two paragraphs of satire directed against it. Nor does Mr. Weaver present enough facts to warrant his calling Stedman's friendship for Melville "humorous" or saying that Melville suffered "in death, if not in life" from such friends. A little mellowing might result in Mr. Weaver's being less bitter about "the febrile and envious imagination of vitriolic Puritans." One is forced to believe that this biographer still enjoys the old game of shocking the bourgeoisie.

Mr. Weaver may be confident that there are few gaps in his copious work. He shows no sign of knowing that Moby Dick had a prototype called Mocha Dick well known among the whalers; or that Cooper's "Ned Myers" anticipates "Redburn" in its account of life before the mast. In preparing the bibliography Mr. Weaver has overlooked the Scandinavian translations of "Typee," which include one into Danish published in 1852 and one into Swedish published in 1879. An abridged edition was included in a Swedish series of boys' books in 1917, taking its place with translations of G. A. Henty and Mayne Reid. Then there is an account, in Charles Hemstreet's "Literary New York," of a Sunday evening when Melville came to the home of Alice and Phoebe Cary and talked eloquently of his life and adventures to the group there gathered. Since the incident belongs to the period of retirement covered by Mr. Weaver's final chapter, and since it adds another literary association, it might well be noted.

As a "contribution to knowledge" this work will stand higher than many books by older and more famous scholars. It helps "place" Melville as does no other writing except his own. In the revival of his fame there are undoubted dangers. One is that he may be overrated; but that, at worst, will be temporary. Another danger is, or was, that he might become the esoteric possession of a few, a group of self-styled "Melvilleans," who would exchange cryptic passwords from their first editions and resent intrusion of the vulgar. Worst of all, Melville might become just another American author, another photogravure to put up beside Bryant and Longfellow, every hair of his beard numbered, every fault forgotten, every platitude quoted. Mr. Weaver's book insures a different future for Herman Melville. Given this biography and Melville's works, we have the man, vigorous, observant, eloquent, but torn by unending speculations, baffled by sad defeats. To him all those will turn who love the tingle and tang of life yet who do not fear to think. What a storm-beaten tract, yet how fertile and tropical, has been added to the continent of American literature!

HOYT H. HUDSON

British Plays

Oliver Cromwell. A Play. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

The Cockpit. A Romantic Drama in Three Acts. By Israel Zangwill. The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

Six Short Plays. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

IN "Oliver Cromwell" Mr. Drinkwater continues his chosen task of simplifying history for the stage. He dismisses all that is rough or problematic. He lets echoes of tumult touch the edge of his action—never more than the edge. His eight scenes are idyls in the original signification of the word—little pictures. And each has, whatever the subject matter, the inner placidity which the word idyl came gradually to express. Thus we get not Oliver Cromwell but a symbolical citizen-saint with joyous leanings in the manner of Luther. Mr. Drinkwater can doubtless give chapter and verse in reputable sources for every touch in his portrait. His selection and combination of details produces a result which is obviously unreal, unhistorical, and aims after a soft, fragile, and persuasive beauty. Such beauty his little scenes undoubtedly reach. The figure of Cromwell's mother contributes to it. She is wise and mellow and reads fragments from the poems of Dr. Donne, whom she finds difficult, and of Mr. Herrick and Mr. Marvell. The constant sense of the English fields contributes to it and the *leitmotiv* folk-song which Amos sings. Above all, there is the dialogue from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Mr. Drinkwater has removed all traces of the tortuousness and rudeness of seventeenth-century speech. His people talk neither like Cromwell nor like Milton but like modernized Bunyans. This homely plainness and solemnity of speech —there is not a swiftly spoken word in the play—heightens the effect of dim beauty and of undeviating nobility clad in a somber coat and a snowy ruff. There is not the slightest attempt to grapple with the historic forces and counter-forces involved; no hint of the significance of either the older order of things or the new. The interpretation is wholly in terms of persons willing quite pure good or quite pure evil, totally veracious and unselfish or totally the reverse. Such a reading of history is supposed, of course, to be dramatic. It is only theatrical in an outworn mode. It will assist Mr. Drinkwater's play during its immediate hour of life on the stage. It will go far toward robbing it, despite his literary skill and charm, of permanent significance and worth.

Compared to Mr. Drinkwater Mr. Zangwill is a rough customer. His first act is shameless romantic melodrama. It sounds as though it had been dictated in a green-room. When the absurd plot is disentangled a character says: "I see it all now." But so soon as Mr. Zangwill has managed to get his American-raised girl into the Balkans and on the throne of Valdania, he changes his tune. Everything becomes enormously vital, keenly sagacious, and devastatingly true. The historic quarrel and present war between Valdania and Bosnavina becomes the symbol of all such quarrels and wars without for a moment losing concreteness and immediacy. The little queen who has been gulled into a period of patriotic emotionalism wants to stop the murderous business. Her counselors explain to her how willing they are to cooperate but how impossible every suggested moment has been. "So whether you are winning, losing, or drawing," she sums up their twaddle, "you can never stop. The forest is smoldering and you work all night to stamp out the menace. Yet once the fire bursts out then you are to fold your arms—or, rather, to pour oil on the flames." The characters who sustain the action are drawn with a swift but stinging touch—Cazotti the opportunist politician; Roxo the old militarist, frankly stupid and not at all consciously wicked; Gripstein the Jewish financier, baron, and convert, who sacrifices his sons to this silly business because the Valdanians have recently substituted insults for pogroms. It goes without saying that the poor queen is defeated. The pacifist is killed and she is sold in marriage for the sake of a military alliance. Valdania wins, and in the public intoxication—carefully staged —over the number of prisoners and captured second-hand steel and iron, the country is persuaded to forget or gloss over her wounds and hunger and despair. Thus the second and third acts of "The Cockpit" are brimful of dramatic and intellectual energy. As a bit of writing, of beauty made visible through words, it is hopelessly inferior to "Oliver Cromwell." But let us not forget that Mr. Drinkwater's drama is, in its quiet and decorous way, propaganda too. It is propaganda in favor of the false nobilities and faiths which make for destruction. "The Cockpit" is propaganda for a world in which beauty can be uninterruptedly at peace and at home.

Mr. Galsworthy's one-act plays are neither as felicitous nor as strong as his long ones. What is admirable in them, as in all of his recent work, is his unfailing sanity and insight. This is not true of "The First and the Last," a rather unilluminated little melodrama, nor of "The Little Man," in which the symbolical representatives of the various nationalities are pure caricature, having—especially the American and the German—no connection with any reality. It is true, in the highest sense, of "Hall-Marked," "Defeat," and "The Sun." These little scenes are, in their varying moods, beautifully tempered and true. They are delicately yet strongly built and executed with quiet emphasis and tender decision. They should serve excellently well the purposes of our little theaters. Their representation would make for both art and tolerance, drama and decency.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

More Truth from a War Correspondent

The Folly of Nations. By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

THOSE who despair most of permanent peace may well reflect on the circumstance that modern war has inspired no minstrels with divine passion to sing its glory but rather has filled many historians with a kind of holy zeal to show it in all its tragic and bestial folly. The latest recruit to the army of truth-tellers is none other than Frederick Palmer, certified to by Theodore Roosevelt as having "seen more war than any living American writer." Mr. Palmer's experience has awakened in his mind the question why war should exist at all, why its lure despite its horror. He is certainly no pacifist. Modern colonial wars, Mr. Palmer thinks, were sordid and horrible, but, after all, "Who shall say that it is not a good thing that we remained in the Philippines to apply our principles? Or, if there were no other way to the end gained, that the South African War, in progress at the same time that we were pacifying the Philippines, was not a good thing in the light of the South Africa of today?" Mr. Palmer gives in some detail the case for the value of past wars—talking about physical and moral fitness and social progress. The lure of war he defines as due to a combination of fear, conflicting cultures, economic interests, thirst for adventure, power, and glory. In a world which felt this lure there were definitely defined sore spots—for example, in the Balkans, in Africa, in Asia. Since they were not cured infection went on there until the whole body of civilization was poisoned. The climax was the World War, which in Mr. Palmer's opinion was fundamentally due to "racial animosity." That war, by its wholesale destruction of life and by its devastating effect on the reason of man and his capacity to know or to tell the truth, showed that old values of war were no more. New war will be even more deadly. Hope lies in a true realization of what modern war is and in the internationalism of a league of nations.

Such, baldly set forth, is Mr. Palmer's argument, but his book is less valuable for its logic than for its wealth of concrete illustration. Consider, for example, Mr. Palmer's description of the fine art of lying as an integral part of war. He has studied it from a point of vantage, both as correspondent and as censor. As censor it was his task to suppress the true story of the taking of the first German prisoner by American forces in France. The prisoner was a boy of nineteen, a weakling, used only as mail-carrier. He lost his way and wandered behind the American lines in the dark. He was fired upon and fell wounded. After he had yielded one soldier stabbed him with his bayonet and others stripped off his buttons for souvenirs. When decency reasserted itself they took the lad to the hospital and treated him tenderly, but it was too late. The story was suppressed lest it be copied by German papers. When Major Palmer suppressed another false story of the German mutilation of American dead he acted contrary to the advice of a high staff officer who had issued a memorandum saying that "hate was a most important factor in promoting morale."

It is a pity William James could not have lived to read this book. We doubt if he would have felt the need to write about the moral equivalent of war; such war has no moral equivalent. It was a combination of drudgery, brutalizing discipline, and ferocity. Among the millions of its slain, truth was the first victim. That Mr. Palmer out of his experience should open our eyes to such realities is a great gain. Nevertheless his argument is weak at vital points. He is wrong as to the primary cause of the war. It was not a spontaneous outburst of racial antagonism but a clash of imperialist interests, primarily economic, brought about by financiers, diplomats, and soldiers, who for shortsighted ends played on mob pyschology. Of course not even the most military-minded intended so great a disaster. But they deliberately intended to play with fire, and they and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all mankind were burned. Nothing else is possible, given the nature of war and of mob psychology. It follows, then, that to fight war one must fight imperialism. Certainly there are differences between little wars and big, but Mr. Palmer's attitude of apology for the wars of his epoch, and his failure in constructive imagination as to other methods to advance "civilization," argue ill for the prevention of future conflict. His lack of clear thinking on past imperialism blinds him to the realities of the present situation. Mr. Palmer believes that, given self-determination as applied in the Versailles treaty, political democracy, and the League of Nations, wars are or can easily be made unnecessary to effect desirable changes. How great a delusion! To bring peace we must end imperialistic aggression, and in the task we must develop other means of resistance to oppression than the means of war. Men must be taught not that war is folly but that it is unthinkable. And this Mr. Palmer never says. After four hundred pages devoted to the diagnosis of war and to denunciation of it he nevertheless can write: "This [American initiative in disarmament] does not imply disbanding our army or navy but taking the lead in the practical limitation of armaments which is the evidence of good faith. If the other nations will not follow, then we shall know that the future is to be tooth and claw and we must sharpen our own teeth and claws and gird our loins for combat." Out of his own mouth is Mr. Palmer judged. He can describe a disease but not its causes; he cannot wholly escape the madness he describes. Historian he may be of humanity's tragic folly but not its physician or prophet of salvation. Those functions must be performed by others.

NORMAN THOMAS

Books in Brief

IT is the contented mob, not the violent mob, that threatens Western civilization, according to Dmitri Merejkovski in "The Menace of the Mob" (N. L. Brown: $1.50). The "conglomerated mediocrity" of the mass, "without ignorance but without education," points to the final calm of the contented ant-hill. What can save us? Organized Christianity? It has grown shallow; with its "suicidal inconsistency" it can only delay for a time the "final crystallization of bourgeoisie"—the Chinafication of Europe. (But does China look like a contented ant-hill nowadays?) A social overturn? But having broken down social oppression, "with what and in the name of what, will the people break down as well the inner spiritual beginning of bourgeois culture—with what new faith, what source of new nobility? With what volcanic explosion of human individuality against the impersonal ant-hill?" How can the common ownership of the ant-hill deliver the ants from the lot of ants? "Only the Coming Christ shall conquer the Coming Mob." Further acquaintance with Merejkovski's work—to which the translator's introduction furnishes some guidance—is needed for adequate comprehension of his doctrine. But no help is required to enable us to appreciate the sketches of Jaurès and Anatole France in "The Blossoms of Bourgeoisie"—sketches used to point a contrast between Europe and Russia. "'Everything with you Russians,' said Jaurès, 'is an impulse. You are ready to jump out of the window and break your necks, instead of descending by the stairs. You can die bett r than you can live.' 'And you Europeans—can both die and live?' I asked with an involuntary smile. 'Live well, die well,' he parried, with that innocent and amiable self-satisfaction that disarms." The exquisite portrait of Anatole France, most fragrant blossom of bourgeois culture, is too long to quote, too revealing to miss. Merejkovski was entranced by his conversation. "He loves to listen to himself. . . . But when one recalls what has been said, one sees that it is almost nothing, over almost nothing; everything melts like foam—but is it not that foam out of which was born the goddess of eternal beauty?"

CAPTAIN PETER E. WRIGHT'S "At the Supreme War Council" (Putnam: $2.50) is a war book with which both the historian and the student of military operations must reckon. Its main purpose, aside from its unrestrained praise of Marshal Foch and its plea for preparedness, is to show why the Allies failed to beat Germany during the years when they were the stronger party in men and equipment, and ultimately won only when they were weaker. The explanation of this apparent anomaly Captain Wright, who served as assistant secretary of the Supreme War Council, finds in the incompetency of the men who composed that body and in the jealousies, divided counsels, and political intrigues which wrought disaster at critical moments. Even when the Supreme War Council was supplemented by the Executive War Board, of which Generals Foch, Wilson (soon replaced by Rawlinson), Bliss, and Cadorna were members, the incompetency of Pétain and Haig had still long to be endured. Captain Wright is inspiring in his treatment of Robertson and Haig, the two leading British generals of the war. Robertson appears in his page, with an appendix of documents to back the charges, as a political intriguer who aimed at nothing less than the overturn of the Lloyd George Government, in which project he had the efficient aid of Colonel Repington, the well-known military critic, and General Maurice. It was Robertson who, according to Captain Wright, gave Repington the information about the 1918 plan of campaign which the latter disclosed in his famous *Morning Post* article of February 11, for which he and the editor were fined. As for Haig, his plan of action at St. Quentin is declared to have been fatally defective and his dispatches misleading, with the result that General Gough was left to meet the whole weight of the German attack "unassisted and unrelieved," and to bear the odium of failure afterward. If the reputations of two British military heroes are not to remain badly tarnished, Captain Wright's charges must be answered.

WITH the publication of Dr. Arthur Berriedale Keith's "War Government of the British Dominions" (Oxford) the Carnegie Endowment's "Economic and Social History of the World War" makes its debut. As planned by the general editor, Professor James T. Shotwell, it is to consist of a large number of monographs—more than a hundred are already in course of preparation—by duly qualified experts. If succeeding volumes maintain the high standards set by this one, the History will be a monument of historical scholarship. Mr. Keith is the leading authority on the government of the British Dominions; his present monograph is virtually, though not in form, a continuation of his earlier treatises, "Responsible Government in the Dominions" and "Imperial Unity and the Dominions." It traces the political and constitutional development of the Dominions during the war and gives an account of their military and economic activities. It shows, furthermore, how the British Empire of 1914 was transformed by the events of the war into the present British Commonwealth of Nations. The making of the peace was in striking contrast to the making of the war. The Dominions were not consulted in the crisis of July-August, 1914; in the declaration of the war they had no part; it was declared for them by a government over which they had no sort of control. At the peace conference they were represented as distinct nations; they signed the treaty separately. Their new international status was recognized in the organization of the League of Nations, of which they are severally members. To reconcile this status with the continued integrity of the empire is a problem of constitutional reconstruction that is as yet unsolved.

THE game of proving that Greek and Roman poets wrote for our day even more than for their own goes merrily on in a little volume imported from England, "Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Librum Quintum a Rudyardo Kipling et Carolo Graves Anglice Redditum et Variorum Notis Adornatum ad Fidem Codicum MSS. Edidit Aluredus D. Godley" (E Typographeo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yalensi: $1). Messrs. Kipling and Graves, construing with great freedom of course, have made the fifth book of Horace's Odes bear marvelously upon the life of London civilians during the war. One must believe that the Sabine bard was divinely prescient, since he could speak so accurately for a distant generation when prohibition should weaken wine, maidens stride behind the plow, scholars plant radishes and breed pigs, barbaric jazz drown out the gentler lute, and profiteers buy knighthood. Really, one might doubt such correspondences were the Latin text not given; here that is, adorned with variorum readings by Bentley and others which even strengthen the translators' case. *Gaudia regis*, for instance (xii, 48), may be *iura Georgi*, and in the thirteenth ode it is possible that Rhondda has been referred to. On the whole, this must be called a masterly rendering of the livest book that Horace never wrote.

"THE Formation of Tennyson's Style" (University of Wisconsin) by J. F. A. Pyre is a valuable if not always strictly conscious demonstration of how a gifted poet failed to become a great one. Mr. Pyre begins by quoting Coleridge: "The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original, and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favorable promise in a young man . . . the sense of musical delight, with the power of producing it, is a gift of imagination." Tennyson's youthful ear promised larger things than his man's mind performed. He developed, but more in his music than in his meaning. The poems of 1842, and particularly the Morte Arthur, with which the intensive portion of the present study properly ceases, are perfect only in a secondary way; their "taste" and their "fancy" are beyond criticism, but they are idyls at best; they reproduce the grand style, as Mr. Pyre observes, "in miniature." Before them had been jingle and sentiment; after them came sociology and sentiment. The pity of Victorian poetry is not that it thought so much but that it so solemnly believed Thought to be worth while.

FOR fourteen years the "Political History of Modern Europe" by Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago has been a standard textbook whose narrative style and historical insight lifted it quite above the usual run of books of its class. Now it appears in a new edition (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50) with the addition of three chapters on the Character of European Civilization at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century, European Diplomatic Relations from 1871 to 1914, and the War and the Peace. With these difficult subjects Mr. Schevill is, of course, obliged to deal in outline rather than in detail; they are, moreover, still enmeshed in men's minds by strong prejudices and hot passions; yet he succeeds to a surprising degree in treating them comprehensively, luminously, objectively, and without prejudice. It is the sort of book which is peculiarly valuable at a time when Americans must take a new interest in world affairs.

Music

Visiting Artists

TO hear Edmond Clément within twenty-four hours after Elena Gerhardt is to realize that the interpretative art of a musician must be gauged by its imaginative quality rather than by the quality of its medium, by its inevitability rather than by its range. For Clément, through such sticky sentimentalists as Massenet and Hahn, such gatherers of froth and fragments as Weckerlin and Tiersot, touches depths and heights and lights and shades that Gerhardt through the nobler medium of the German classics seldom if ever attains. Distilled through the alembic of his genius, sugary concoctions like Massenet's Le Rève or Hahn's insipid Barcarolle become drops of purest sentiment upon which we hang enraptured, thrilled by their tenderness, enchanted by their beauty, and noting each passing sound with regret. He can, it seems, epitomize in an aria all the elegance and distinction of the Comédie Française; catch in a bergerette all the charm and subtlety of a nation; and by the exquisiteness of a nuance, the deliciousness of a phrase, make you recklessly indifferent to the quality of the song itself.

But the moment Clément steps from the sunny glades of his shepherdesses and the pretty boudoirs of his Manons into the more shadowy realm of Debussy, he becomes hopelessly lost. What were only delicate sentimentalities in the one are now robust ardors against the pale emotions of the other. Even such a simple pastel as Romance bewilders him, and we feel that he is not only out of his métier but that he is doing things badly.

And herein lies the difference between him and Gerhardt. The latter never does things badly, any more than she does them supremely, because she has no distinct métier. Hers is an excellent vocal art that concerns itself more with moods than with styles. One mood may suit her better than another, such as that of sustained quiet or simple tenderness, so that one is apt to find her at her best in the broad serenity of Schubert's Im Abendrot, or in the child-like directness and charm of Erich Wolff's Märchen; but even then her effects are always more objective than subjective, dictated more by the character of the music than by any picture that the words might evoke. And so we ourselves listen objectively, noting the general excellences of voice and phrase and diction, and admiring the knowledge and musicianship that prompts them. But never for a moment do we confuse the medium with the artist, or ourselves with both—we are too conscious of the materials. After all, the art of the singer is essentially pictorial; and it is only by the power of the singer to weld these materials together and project a definite picture that we can gauge his art; only by the truth of this picture that we can define it. It is this imaginative quality, therefore, that, while it limits the art of Clément, at the same time makes it supreme within its limitations; just as it is the lack of this same imaginative force that leaves Gerhardt's art less convincing, because it has so far only accomplished the fusion of its ingredients. The difference between their two arts, after all, is perhaps only the same old difference between genius and talent.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Announcement of the winner of The Nation's *Poetry Prize will be made in the Midwinter Book Supplement accompanying the issue of February 8.*

LECTURES *and* AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

LILIOM
By Franz Molnar
English text by Benj. F. Glazer
FULTON THEATRE
West 46th Street

The Wife with a Smile
from the French of
Denys Amiel and André Obey
GARRICK THEATRE
West 35th Street

BRAMHALL PLAY HOUSE
27th Street at Lexington Avenue
"Keeping Up Appearances"
A Tragi-Comedy
By Butler Davenport
Tel., Mad. Sq. 2051

"Your play and production are the best things I have seen in America. Your theater is the first I have told my pupils to visit for this reason, and also that they may study the acting of your stage."—*Emanuel Reicher, the famous German Actor-Manager.*

Pleasant attractively furnished room in private family, for gentleman. Flatbush, near Interboro Subway. Occupancy January first. Phone Mansfield 1407.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Gandhi's Teachings

INDIA'S revolt against British rule through the agency of the non-cooperation movement under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi is gaining headway. Indian papers published in October devote most of their space to accounts of bonfires of foreign cloth, organization of national schools to provide for students who have withdrawn from government institutions, withdrawal of soldiers and policemen from the British service, collection of money for the relief of Turkey, and other manifestations of the Hindu-Mohammedan struggle for Swaraj, or self-government. The following statement, given out by Gandhi and printed in the Allahabad *Independent*, throws light upon the philosophy of the movement and upon the personality of its leader:

If I Am Arrested

My arrest cannot be a matter for surprise. The Government has every right to arrest me. I am guilty of the offense for which the Ali brothers and their co-prisoners were arrested. I must be said to be the root of the offense. Where is the sense of touching the branches, leaving the root alone? It was I who enunciated the doctrine that it was open to everyone to preach publicly to every soldier that it was a sin for him to serve the Government. It was I again who laid it down that the present system should be ended, if it could not be mended. If the Ali brothers are arrested for having said these things, why should not I also be arrested?

And if I am arrested where would be the occasion for indignation? How is the Government to determine the number of people who hold such views? Only he can be credited with holding an opinion who is prepared to suffer for the opinion. Why should not the Government test the sincerity of my conviction? Non-cooperation means either that the Government mend its ways or that the non-cooperators suffer fines, imprisonment, and the gallows.

If the people are real non-cooperators, if they are really brave and intelligent, my arrest, or for that matter anyone's arrest, will not unnerve them or provoke them into violence. It would come to them as a matter of course, and be only a matter for rejoicing. It would mean only a step further toward the goal. Anyone committing violence would insult me, distress me, and be a traitor to the country. His act would be a grave breach of discipline, if he claims to be a non-cooperator.

The calm that has followed the Ali brothers' arrest is a solemn one. I read in it the signs of our victory. I expect similar, more dignified calm on my arrest. Only by shedding our own blood, not other's, do we want to win and live. I wish for only one thing as a result of my arrest. And it is this: That the people should instinctively grasp the truth which I have found it difficult to bring home to them, that they should do immediately what they have been delaying or hesitating to do. I would wish for the eradication of what little infatuation for foreign cloth still lingers in us. The people are today burning only a part of their clothes. I would expect them on my arrest to burn every scrap of foreign cloth in their homes. This in fact ought to have followed immediately on the Ali brothers' arrest. Swadeshi has gone forward since then, but not sufficiently.

On my arrest I would expect every man, woman, or child to take up the spinning wheel, if he or she has not done so already. I would expect every one of them to embrace the untouchables and to share their sorrows and sufferings. I would expect the untouchables in their turn to reform their ways of life, to abstain from drink and other vices, to give up meat-eating, to lead a clean life, to spin, weave, and honorably maintain themselves. I would expect everyone to observe and enforce peace. I would expect every Hindu to be ready to die for the Mussulman, and vice versa, each to respect the religion of the other. I would expect every Hindu to strive his best for the Caliphate and to be content to be without Swaraj, if his Mussulman brother is not conciliated. Swaraj, without Caliphate, is to a Mussulman an inconceivable thing.

Let no one believe that everything ends with Gandhi's arrest. It is against one's religion to believe so; it is cowardice. If we are fit for Swaraj no leader should be so indispensable to us that we should feel helpless without him. Everyone should have the capacity to understand the national interest and to fight for it.

The religious division between Hindus and Mohammedans in India and the rigid caste distinctions enforced among the Hindus themselves have been serious causes of friction and weakness. The following article on this subject appeared under Gandhi's signature in his magazine, *Young India*:

The Impassable Barrier

The existence of untouchability must remain an impassable barrier in the path of our progress, which we must break down with a supreme effort. There seems to be a lurking thought with many of us that we can gain Swaraj and keep untouchability. They do not even see the contradiction inherent in the thought. Swaraj is as much for the "untouchable" as for the "touchable." A correspondent from Narayanavaram writes: "In our parts Panchamas are very badly treated by the Hindus, especially by the Brahmans. In the villages they are not allowed to go about the streets inhabited by Brahmans. They must stand at a considerable distance when speaking to Brahmans." Read Sahibs [Englishmen] for Brahmans and Indians for Panchamas, and see how you feel. And yet I have no doubt that some Sahibs are infinitely better than some Brahmans. God will not let us have Swaraj so long as we treat a brother as an outcast by reason of his birth. "A man's Karma [fate] is responsible for what he is," they say. But my Karma does not compel me to throw stones at a sinner. Religion is made to uplift and not to keep a man crushed under the weight of his Karma. It is a prostitution of the grand doctrine of Karma to consign a man of lowly birth to perdition. Rama felt privileged to find himself honored by a fisherman. The Hindu religion is replete with illustrations of great men lifting their unfortunate brethren from their miseries. Will not the modern Hindus copy their own great men, and once for all rub out the blot of untouchability that so defiles Hinduism?

The recognized leaders of the Indian Mohammedan community, Mohammed Ali and Shaukat Ali, were recently arrested, prosecuted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment on the charge of urging native soldiers to leave the British service. Immediately after their arrest Gandhi and fifty other leaders issued the following manifesto:

In view of the prosecution of the Ali brothers and others for the reasons stated in the Government of Bombay communique, dated the 15th of September, 1921, we, the undersigned, speaking in our individual capacity, desire to state that it is the inherent right of everyone to express his opinion without restraint about the propriety of citizens offering their services to, or remaining in the employ of the Government, whether in the civil or military department.

We, the undersigned, state it as our opinion that it is contrary to national dignity for any Indian to serve as a civilian, and more especially as a soldier, under a system of government which has brought about India's economic, moral, and political degradation and which has used the soldiery and police for repressing national aspirations, as for instance at the time of the Rowlatt Act agitation; and which has used the soldiers for crushing the liberty of the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Turks, and other nations which have done no harm to India.

We are also of the opinion that it is the duty of every Indian soldier and civilian to sever his connection with the Government and find some other means of livelihood.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Friendship and the Eastern Peoples

ON the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the November Revolution the Russian Commissar of Foreign Affairs, G. Chicherin, published in the Moscow newspapers a detailed statement of the relations of Soviet Russia with the countries of the Near and Far East during the preceding year. The statement as printed in the Moscow *Pravda* and *Izvestya* of November 7 is here reproduced in part.

TURKEY

The year just past, ending on November 1, has been characterized by a considerable growth of the national movement of the Oriental peoples who are striving for complete political and economic independence. . . . Diplomatic relations between the Soviet Government and the Government of the Great National Assembly of Turkey were resumed on November 6, 1920. But the relations between Russia and Turkey soon became disturbed. The Turkish troops of Kiazima Karabekir Pasha defeated the troops of the Armenian counter-revolutionary Government of the Dashnaks and occupied a line which ran through the immediate vicinity of Erivan [the Armenian capital]. Even after the Armenian Soviet Government came to power, Turkey, on December 2, 1920, concluded with the Government of the Dashnaks at Alexandropol a peace treaty very unfavorable to Armenia. According to this peace even that part of Armenia which had been officially declared independent became virtually a dependent province of Turkey. This treaty has not been recognized either by Soviet Armenia or by the allied Russian Soviet Republic, and its repeal became one of the main subjects of the further negotiations between Russia and Turkey. . . .

On February 2, 1921, the Turkish Ambassador Ali Fuad Pasha and the Turkish peace delegation, headed by Jussuf Kemal Bey, arrived in Moscow. The Russo-Turkish conference in Moscow closed on March 16, after it adopted a treaty confirming the friendly relations between the two countries. Batum remained with Georgia, and Kars, Ardagan, and Arvin went to Turkey. On May 3 Comrade Nazarenus was appointed to the office of representative of the RSFSR at Angora. His arrival served to facilitate the solution of the conflict in connection with the oppression of the Russian population in the province of Kars.

In connection with the difficult famine situation in Russia the Turkish Government in a note to Ali Fuad Pasha on September 19 declared that it was contributing grain for the famine-stricken people in the Volga valley. During these months the Turkish people has been subjected to a severe trial owing to the Greek offensive. . . . At a critical moment of the offensive the Ukrainian Soviet Government proposed to send to Angora the commander in chief of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, Comrade Frunze, as authoritative delegate to carry on negotiations for the purpose of concluding a Turkish-Ukrainian treaty. At present Comrade Frunze is on his way to Angora.

The Moscow treaty between Russia and Turkey provided for the conclusion of an agreement between Turkey and the Transcaucasian Soviet republics. Accordingly a conference of the representatives of Russia, Turkey, and the three Caucasian republics was called in Kars on September 26. The conference was closed on October 13 after a treaty was signed regulating all disputed questions between Turkey on the one hand and Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan on the other.

PERSIA

In Persia the third anniversary of the October Revolution was marked by a radical change in the political relations with Soviet Russia. On October 22, 1920, the central committee of the Iran Communist Party adopted a resolution to the effect that the revolution in Persia must still pass through the phase of a bourgeois revolution. This resolution put an end to the attempts of the local Soviet Government at Guilany to introduce a communist order in Persia. On October 25 the special envoy of the Persian Government, Mosharevol Memalek, left Baku for Moscow, where he immediately started negotiations for a treaty intended to bring about a stable peace and friendly relations between the Governments of Russia and Persia. . . . The favorable development of the Russo-Persian negotiations in Moscow had a marked effect upon the internal political life of Persia. On January 6, 1921, a dispatch was received announcing the approval by the Persian Government of the appointment of Comrade Rotstein as the Russian representative at Teheran. . . .

In the meantime the anglophile Sepahdar appointed a session of the Mejilis for February 2 for the purpose of ratifying the Anglo-Persian treaty. But on February 2 the session of the Mejilis was not held. On February 21 Teheran was captured by the Persian Cossacks of Rizakhan, and the members of the Government of Sepahdar were arrested. The new Cabinet of Zia-Ed-Dina issued a declaration canceling the Anglo-Persian treaty and outlining a program of important internal reforms. On the same day, February 26, the Russo-Persian treaty was signed in Moscow, by which all traces of the earlier Czarist policy of oppression in Persia were wiped out and a foundation was laid for close fraternal relations between the peoples of Russia and Persia. . . .

On June 22 the Mejilis was convened. . . . But there was no longer any question of ratifying the Anglo-Persian treaty.

On July 13 the commercial delegation of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Trade with Comrade Belgov at its head left Moscow for Persia. At that time the Soviet troops had already been evacuated from Guilany but there still remained the insurgents. . . . After the British troops had left Persia . . . the British instructors were removed and on September 18 the British financial advisers left for England. . . .

On October 30 the Guilany front was finally liquidated, and the insurgents who did not want to submit to the Teheran Government moved into Azerbaijan. At present there is an open route to Persia through its northern provinces which facilitates the trade relations. Like the Turkish Government, the Persian has contributed food for the hunger-stricken in the Volga valley.

AFGHANISTAN

In our relation with Afghanistan during the preceding year we have been chiefly concerned with the question of adopting a treaty. As early as September 14, 1920, a preliminary treaty was signed at Kabul by the Russian representative Comrade Suritza and the Afghan Government. In January, 1921, the English mission of Henry Dobbs arrived in Kabul and proposed to conclude a treaty between Afghanistan and England. The English demanded the withdrawal of every sort of assistance to the Indian tribes, which are in constant revolt against British rule. On the other hand the English offered Afghanistan liberal material assistance and satisfaction for the losses incurred during the Anglo-Afghan war of 1919. The Afghans demanded a plebiscite in the region of the tribes on the Indian frontier. This demand was repudiated by the English.

On February 28 the Russo-Afghan treaty was ratified in Moscow by the Soviet Government and the Afghan special mission. The general features of this treaty are the following: The unselfishness of the Russian republic, mutual recognition of independence, mutual declaration of the freedom of the Oriental peoples, an agreement on consular services, free transit through Afghanistan, and assistance in the development of industry and of the technical and general culture of Afghanistan. . . .

During the following months Henry Dobbs (an English agent) continued at Kabul his struggle against the final rati-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fication of the Russo-Afghan treaty. From August 7 to August 11 a representative assembly composed of local representatives and prominent social workers was in session at Kabul and discussed the question whether to adopt the Russian treaty or the English. It was finally decided to ratify the treaty with Russia and repudiate the English proposals. On August 13 an exchange of ratification notes between Russia and Afghanistan took place at Kabul.

As early as July 16 the new Russian representative, Comrade Raskolnikov, arrived at Kabul, where he was given a warm reception. In September, after its failure to bring about a treaty, the mission of Henry Dobbs left Kabul for London, where the negotiations between England and Afghanistan were resumed.[1] . . .

China

Russia is also entering into diplomatic relations with the great Republic of China. On February 3, 1921, the Chinese consul, Chen Kuan-Ping, arrived at Moscow. The Chinese Government agreed in principle to receive a Russian representative. The details of this question were discussed during the whole following period, until at last on October 24 the Chinese consul was informed that China had recognized the Russian trade delegation. On the same day the representative of the Russian Government, Comrade Paykes, left for China to carry on the negotiations concerning the disputed questions between these two states. . . .

Mongolia

On May 26 an insurrection took place in Vladivostok. With the aid of the Japanese the reactionary Merkulov Government was set up. At the same time the White Guard leader, Baron Ungern, who held Mongolia and who was in close touch with Japan, led his troops against the Far Eastern Republic and against the troops of the Soviet Government. The People's Revolutionary Government of Mongolia, which had been formed in Russian territory during the rule of Ungern in the former country and had formed a revolutionary army, carried on a struggle against the White Guards in close alliance with Soviet Russia and the Far Eastern Republic. The troops of these three Powers defeated the troops of Ungern and captured Urga, the capital. In July the Revolutionary Government of Mongolia requested Soviet Russia to leave its troops in Mongolia until the final ending of the danger from abroad. On August 10 the Soviet Government declared its willingness to meet this wish. On September 11 the Soviet Government agreed to undertake the role of intermediary between Mongolia and China. On October 26, with the arrival of the Mongolian delegation in Moscow, negotiations began for the conclusion of a treaty of friendship between the two states.[2] . . .

Japan

On August 26 negotiations began in Dairen between the Far Eastern Republic and Japan concerning the evacuation of Japanese troops from the Maritime Province and the establishment of economic relations between the negotiating parties. The Far Eastern Republic made it a condition for the continuation of the negotiations that a [Soviet] Russian representative take part in them. The Japanese delegation agreed to enter into negotiations with a Russian delegation on certain questions which interest both governments. On October 24 Comrade Markhlevsky was appointed as the representative of the RSFSR to take part in the negotiations with Japan on special questions concerning Russia.

Thus we see that everywhere in Asia the relations between the Eastern peoples and Soviet Russia are strengthened. The Eastern peoples are becoming clearly aware that Soviet Russia is an unselfish friend, in full sympathy with their efforts to gain complete political and economic independence.

[1] According to recent advices from London, Great Britain has finally concluded a treaty with Afghanistan.—Editor The Nation.
[2] A summary of this agreement appears on p. 28 of this issue.

The Kars Conference

THE Moscow *Izvestya* published an official statement of the Russian Commissariat of Foreign Affairs concerning the Kars Conference between Nationalist Turkey, the Caucasian Soviet republics, and Soviet Russia, mentioned in the preceding article.

The conference was called for the purpose of regulating the relations between the Caucasian republics (Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan) and Turkey. Both sides adopted the treaty between the RSFSR and Turkey, concluded in Moscow on March 15, 1921, as a basis for their agreement. A number of articles of the Moscow treaty have therefore been embodied without change in the Kars treaty. The other articles deal with local mutual relations.

The preliminary question discussed was whether separate treaties should be concluded with each of the Caucasian republics or whether there should be one general treaty. In order to demonstrate the internal unity of the Soviet republic the conference decided in favor of the second alternative; a general treaty was concluded between all Caucasian republics and Turkey with the participation of an authoritative representative of the RSFSR.

In the first place the question of the boundaries between the Transcaucasian republics and Turkey was regulated in full agreement with the corresponding provisions of the Moscow treaty. Turkey confirmed the withdrawal of its sovereignty over Batum in favor of Georgia. [The city, port, and the neighboring country receive an autonomous organization.] On the other hand the Transcaucasian republics acknowledge the fact that Kars and Ardagan are returned to Turkey as provided by the Moscow treaty. . . . The question of an autonomous Nakhichevan province was also decided in agreement with the treaty of Moscow. After the state boundaries were fixed some economic questions, general and local, arose: (1) The political boundaries may cut off the population of the frontier provinces from their accustomed plowing and pasture grounds and also from the local trade centers; (2) some natural resources essentially important for the Soviet republics will be located on one side of the boundary while on the other side sources of fuel supplies will be found which are no less important for the economic development of Turkey. The Kars Conference solved the first question on the basis of mutual privileges and by adopting special articles simplifying the matter of crossing the frontier lines. The second question was referred to the forthcoming economic conferences to be held between the Transcaucasian republics and Turkey at Tiflis for the purpose of economic approachment between the two parties.

The rules for the use of the port of Batum have been laid down in a declaration of instruction introduced by the Soviet delegations and adopted by the Turkish delegation. Without limiting in the least the sovereignty of Soviet Georgia over the city and port of Batum and without turning the latter into a free port (a concession which the Czarist Government in its time was forced to grant) the mentioned declaration of instruction grants to friendly Turkey certain privileges facilitating her use of the port of Batum. . . .

The treaty of Kars reproduces the articles of the Moscow treaty declaring as null and void all treaties which have been concluded in the past and which may be concluded in the future without the participation and free agreement of the Soviet republics and the Government of the Great National Assembly.

Similarly the article of the Moscow treaty dealing with the question of the Black Sea straits was adopted (the question of free navigation in the straits to be decided at a conference of the shore states with the guaranty of the sovereignty and safety of Turkey and Constantinople).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Armenian Question

The Kars Conference canceled the Alexandropol treaty of December 2, 1920, which was forced upon long-suffering Armenia by the military adventurers of the Dashnak Government.

The conference demonstrated the fact that the situation created in Transcaucasia by the policy of the RSFSR and the friendly Government of the Great National Assembly of Turkey is in full accord with the interests of the Transcaucasian peoples, especially Armenia, striving for their peace and safety. Armenia is steadily improving and the menace of famine and destruction which hung over it as a result of the unfortunate war of 1920 may be regarded as removed. The Turkish delegation has repeatedly stated that the Turkish people and the Turkish Government are fraternally disposed toward Armenia, and it demonstrated the sincerity and good faith of these statements by taking the initiative in starting on the repatriation of the Armenian prisoners of war. . . .

In his concluding speech, which made a deep impression on all those present, the head of the Turkish delegation expressed his firm conviction that a new era of peace, friendship, and cooperation is dawning for the countries participating in the conference and for the whole Orient.

To the "Great Civilized Powers"

THE Red Partisan movement in Siberia was originally organized for the struggle against the invading forces of Kolchak and was a considerable factor in bringing about their defeat. Afterwards the Partisans were active in the struggle against the bands of Semionov, Ungern, and other counter-revolutionary leaders. Having for their aim to combat every foreign invasion in the Russian Far East the Partisan groups have decided not to disband as long as Japanese troops remain in Eastern Siberia and support the rule of such counter-revolutionary adventurers as the Merkulovs in Vladivostok. The commander of the southern group of the Red Partisan detachments, Samarin, has addressed the following letter to all the consular offices in Vladivostok:

To you, as the representatives of the great civilized Powers, I am writing this letter.

On the 9th of this October agents of the government of the Brothers Merkulov (the present Vladivostok government by the grace of Japan) have made numerous raids and arrests among the Russian citizens. The arrests are still going on.

The arrested persons are taken to some place on Gnilaya Street where many of them, according to information on hand, are being subjected to tortures and many are shot.

On Poltavskaya Street in the house No. 3, on the Gniloy corner in the Watch House, and on the 83rd height, there are regular torture chambers for inflicting tortures and for shooting, much the same as the Daur's and Maccavey's [in Transbaikal].

I am sending a copy of this letter to labor organizations and for publication in the press both here and abroad, in the states which you are representing here.

Let the whole world know that in Vladivostok, a city which harbors the representatives of all the great civilized Powers, there exist, under the protection of intervention, medieval torture chambers; and Russian citizens are seized in broad daylight by agents of the so-called Maritime Government with the Merkulov brothers at its head and disappear mysteriously.

I, the commander of the southern group of the Partisan detachments, in the name of the Partisans following my lead in the struggle to a finish against all the oppressors of the Russian people, declare:

We did not and do not want a fratricidal war. We are peace-

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN STUDIES

Studies in Language and Literature

No. 12. The Formation of Tennyson's Style, by J. F. A. Pyre. 250 p. Cloth. $1.50.

A study, primarily, of the versification of the early poems. This work is a contribution to the theory of English metrics, as well as a subtly definite appreciation of Tennyson's actual work.

No. 13. Modern Thought in the German Lyric Poets from Goethe to Dehmel, by Friedrich Bruns. 104 p. $1.00.

This study aims to trace the development of modern thought in German lyric poetry from Goethe to Richard Dehmel. The investigation limits itself to three main trends of thought: pantheism, freedom of the will, and the valuation of life.

Studies in Social Sciences and History

No. 3. The Misinterpretation of Locke as a Formalist in Educational Philosophy, by V. T. Thayer. 24 p. $.50.

Historians usually interpret Locke's writings as supplying a philosophic foundation for the "dogma of formal discipline." This monograph contends that such a view not only rests upon a false interpretation of Locke's writings, but ignores as well his direct influence upon the English and American academies through the writings of his disciples, chief of whom was Isaac Watts.

No. 4. Scientific Determination of the Content of the Elementary School Course in Reading, by W. L. Uhl. 152 p. $1.50.

A report based on an investigation of the success of reading selections now in use in elementary schools. Standards for judging such selections are derived from the reactions of several thousand teachers and pupils.

No. 5. Cycles of Prosperity and Depression in the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, 1902-1908, by Alvin Harvey Hansen. 112 p. $1.00.

A detailed statistical study of business cycles and the causes of unemployment. Various theories are measured statistically and a final conclusion is reached. While limited to a restricted period the study is an interpretation of all business cycles.

Complete lists of the above series of Studies and of the Studies in Science may be obtained from the University Editor.

Orders should be sent to the Secretary of the Regents, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loving toilers engaged in honest and useful labor, but we have been forced to have recourse to arms in order to defend the abused rights of men and citizens. For five months now the band calling itself the Maritime Government has been engaged in treading down the rights of the workers. They have dissolved the Popular Assembly, broken up the workers' trade unions, the press cannot print anything that is not agreeable to the Merkulovs, and finally they have introduced a system of tortures and shootings without trial or investigation. We hoped for a peaceful settlement and in this hope we have waited hidden in the dense tayga without starting any hostilities, as we wanted to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Now, having learned of the tortures and shootings of Russian citizens, we declare unanimously that, upon the verification of these facts of violence, we shall start to act. The province will become the scene of fighting and disorder and, while perishing ourselves, we will destroy all those who have driven us to take this step, which from the point of view of humanity may seem wild.

It may happen that in the course of our struggle innocent people and foreign citizens will suffer. But the blame will not be upon us but upon the civilized representatives of the great Powers who are looking on indifferently while Russian citizens are tortured and shot.

We declare that we will not lay down our arms and that we will continue our struggle by every means until the hated Merkulov government is overthrown.

A Mongolian Treaty

THE Moscow *Izvestya* of November 11 prints the following statement of the Foreign Office of the Russian Government. What effect this agreement with the revolutionary Government of Mongolia will have on Russia's relations with China has not yet appeared.

On November 5 an agreement was signed by the representatives of the RSFSR and the representatives of the People's Government of Mongolia.

On the strength of this agreement the Government of the RSFSR recognizes the People's Government of Mongolia as the sole lawful government of Mongolia and the People's Government of Mongolia recognizes the Government of the RSFSR as the sole lawful government of Russia.

Each of the parties has pledged itself not to allow on its territory the existence or formation of groups hostile to the other party.

An agreement has been reached as to the order in which diplomatic and consular representatives are to be appointed. An agreement was also reached as to the order of determining the boundary between both states.

The rights and obligations of the citizens of both parties to the agreement are mutually recognized to be those of the citizens of the most favored country.

In view of the fact that the capitulations have been abolished on the territory of Mongolia, both parties, guided by the principles of humanity and civilization, pledge themselves to refrain from punitive and inquisitory measures which inflict physical pain or which are humiliating to the moral feelings of man.

The agreement provides also for the same mutual privileges in the field of criminal jurisdiction as are granted to any third Power.

The fundamental principles of the customs policy have been laid down. The RSFSR in its desire to assist the measures adopted by the People's Government of Mongolia for the organization of a postal and telegraph exchange that would be independent of world imperialism, transfers to the Mongolian Government the telegraph facilities belonging to the RSFSR in Mongolia.

Whatever book you want

Wanamaker's

has it, or will get it

NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

COSSACKS, peasants, workers—not Lenin and Trotsky, ministers of state and generals—are the **dramatis personæ** of this newest and most vivid recital of the great drama of the Russian Revolution, as witnessed first-hand by **Albert Rhys Williams.** To see the Revolution through the eyes and hearts of the 180,000,000 actors in it—to really understand their struggles and hopes and fears, read this vibrant, thrilling human document.

Through The Russian Revolution

Ten Russian Posters, reproduced in their original striking colors, together with 34 halftones and 11 placards, make this a gorgeous as well as a fascinating book—one you will want to give as a gift to your friends as well as keep for yourself. $2.00 at your bookstore.

BONI & LIVERIGHT MODERN LIBRARY NEW YORK

Outlook for

Texas Company

Set forth in a

SPECIAL REPORT

The underlying causes for the recent strength of this leading independent oil stock are comprehensively discussed therein.

This report will be mailed to you upon your request.

Send for NN-85.

E. M. FULLER & CO.

Members of Consolidated Stock Exchange of N. Y.

50 BROAD STREET NEW YORK

Chicago Cleveland Philadelphia Boston Newark Pittsbugh

(*Direct Private Wires*)

MARK TWAIN and JACK LONDON

enjoyed and heartily praised **J. Howard Moore's**

THE UNIVERSAL KINSHIP

and it is still the most charmingly written treatise on man's evolution and his place in nature. Cloth, $1.25.

Mr. Moore's other books, **Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples.** $1.25, and The Law of Biogenesis, 75c, will help grown-ups to understand children. By insured mail or at book stores.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

PROLETCULT

BY EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL

The first comprehensive and systematic treatise of proletarian pedagogy. $1.50

THOMAS SELTZER, 5 West 50th Street, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED